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HUGH'S VENDETTA.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

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AUTHOR OF "VALERIE ATYLER," "MORTON HOUSE," "MABEL LEE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"MARGARET," said Hugh Churchill, as he came abruptly into his sister's room one morning, "who do you suppose is dead?"

The address was startling enough in it-

"Not unless you care about knowing that he has gone to his deserts in another and—a better world! That is all the concern I feel in Henry Tyrrell's death, I am sure."

"Henry Tyrrell! Is *he* dead?"

"He dropped down with a fit of apoplexy an hour ago."

into the office, and sent for the doctors at once. They were all there in no time, but they could do nothing for him, and he has just died."

His voice sank a little over the last words, and a look of horror came into Margaret Churchill's face.



"'Good Heavens!' he said, seizing her involuntarily, 'Miss Churchill! Is it you?'"

self, but there was a suppressed excitement in the speaker's face, and a suppressed tone of awe in his voice, that made Margaret Churchill turn pale as she looked up from her sewing in quick alarm.

"Indeed I cannot tell, Hugh," she said. "Not—not anybody I care about, surely?"

"Care about!" repeated her brother.

"Where?"

"On the street. I was sitting in Morrison's office about ten o'clock, and chanced to see him walk past, looking as usual; yet, scarcely five minutes later, a boy rushed in saying that Mr. Tyrrell had just fallen down dead. Of course, we ran out at once. He was not dead, however; so we carried him

"Died like that! O Hugh! how terrible! Surely he said something—surely he made some reparation for such an awful life!"

Her brother laughed, not mirthfully.

"Do you believe in death-bed atonements, Madge? I confess I don't, and I doubt if Tyrrell did, either. He recovered his senses

toward the last, but he only uttered two names. The first was his son's—"

"And the other?"

The young man's voice deepened, and a change came over his face that hardened and altered it, as he answered gravely, almost sternly:

"The other was—our father's!"

Margaret looked up, her awe-struck eyes meeting his, and for a moment neither spoke. At last it was the girl's voice that said:

"God forgive him!"

Low as the words were, they reached Hugh Churchill's ears, and brought a dark cloud over his face.

"So that is your idea of Christianity, is it, Madge?" he asked, bitterly. "A nice place you and the like of you would make of heaven—ay, and of earth, too! If I believed that a few prayers or good works at the eleventh hour could atone for Henry Tyrrell's half a century of wrong-doing, I would fling conscience to the winds, and live as he did—perhaps die as he died, too. But that would make no difference in your liberal creed. I don't pretend to decide whether or not such opinions are orthodox, but of all the texts in Holy Writ I like best the one which says that what a man sows the same shall he reap, here and hereafter."

Margaret did not answer. Her thoughts, indeed, seemed to have wandered from her brother's speech, and gone back to what he had said before. At least, when he finished, she went on with the other train of thought.

"And he spoke of papa. O Hugh! who can tell what he was thinking? I wonder what is the sight of you that brought back the past? Did he see you at all?"

"He saw me as plainly as you see me now," her brother answered. "Indeed, I doubt if he saw any one else. I was standing at the foot of the bed, and, when he opened his eyes, they rested full on my face. And with such a look! Madge, it was awful! I don't think I shall ever forget it. It was so solemn and yet so defiant, as if he had said, 'So you are here to see the end!' My God, what an end! Madge"—and his voice grew so tender that she knew of whom he was going to speak—"you have heard how bravely and peacefully our father died? Well, even in this world, there is such a thing as retribution. I thought that, if I thought nothing else, as I stood by the death-bed of the man who killed him."

Margaret thought it, too, as the dainty muslin she was hemming fell from her lap to the floor unheeded. She, too, remembered all that she had heard of the father whose existence had faded so early out of her own—of his stainless life and honorable death, as contrasted with the life and death of the man who had murdered him. For even the world, usually so lenient in such matters, held Henry Tyrrell as guilty of the blood of Albert Churchill as if he had stabbed him unawares in the darkness of the night. It is true that the affair had taken the form of a duel, but it had been prefaced by the most unmerited insult, and there had been enough of unfairness in its actual arrangement to set a black mark on the survivor to the day of his death.

This death caused a deep and wide-spread sensation in the community where it occurred. Unpopular as he was, Henry Tyrrell had been a man of great wealth, and consequently of great influence; hence his death could not be other than an event of importance. Nobody regretted him; nobody gave a tear, or even so much as a sigh, to his memory—but still everybody felt interested in the matter, as people will feel when there is a million or two of property in question. The dead man's wife had preceded him long before to the other world; his only son was absent; so there was not a single kindred face around the death-bed where Hugh Churchill had stood, and this in itself is always pathetic, even when such a man as Henry Tyrrell is concerned. With regard to his heir and successor, little was known. From some cause or other, young Tyrrell had never fancied his native place, and ever since he attained to man's estate his visits there had been few and far between. People said that the father and son did not "get on" very well, but this was mere conjecture; for their intercourse, as far as the world knew, had always been cordial in the extreme, and, those who knew best said, even warmly affectionate.

Society at large, however, was rather incredulous of this, and many curious glances were bent on Roland Tyrrell as he stood by his father's grave and watched the clouds of earth falling heavily upon the coffin. He looked very pale—ghastly pale, in fact—as everybody observed; but he was resolutely composed. Not a tear sprang into the large dark eyes bent steadfastly downward, not a quiver came to the sternly-compressed lips. "He hardly assumes a decent appearance of grief!" said the majority of lookers-on, indignantly. But there were others whose gaze pierced below the surface, and more than one of these felt strangely touched by the mute suffering stamped on the young man's face. They, in turn, wondered a little, and said to each other, "Strange he should grieve so much for such a father!" But they looked at him with respectful sympathy, watching him as he turned at last from the newly-heaped pile of earth, as he crossed the church-yard, passing directly by the spot where Albert Churchill had lain for many years, and drove away alone to his desolate home.

A few days after the funeral, Hugh and Margaret Churchill were the recipients of an unexpected and startling surprise. A letter from the lawyer of the late Mr. Tyrrell formally notified them that the sum of fifty thousand dollars, having been bequeathed them by the will of the deceased, had been placed to their credit by his executor, and awaited their orders. After the first shock of amazement—of absolutely incredulous surprise—was over, it would be hard to say with how much of burning indignation this information was received by one, at least, of the parties concerned. For a time Hugh's rage was almost inarticulate—then it broke forth beyond all bounds.

"Was the old villain mad, or was it only the devil's own malice which made him leave us such a posthumous insult?" he cried, addressing Margaret, who sat with her eyes fixed on the letter which contained this strange

and apparently incomprehensible intelligence. "My God! if he was only alive, that I might fling it back to him with words such as he should never forget! Did he think that we are likely to accept a gift from him, or did he only mean to jeer us from his grave with our poverty and need? May his money perish with him, and may the eternal curse of God—"

"O Hugh!" said Margaret, and for once her voice had something of authority in it—"O Hugh, for Heaven's sake, hush! Is Henry Tyrrell's insult—granting that he meant it as an insult—worth such passion as this? Remember—he is dead!"

"Yes," said her brother, bitterly, "but his hatred, and the acts born of his hatred, did not die with him! Think of all we owe him, Margaret—think of it for one moment! First and greatest, the death of our father; after that, and from that, what a train of ills! He—our father—was on the high-road to fortune, after years of effort, and, had he lived one year longer, he would have made his wife and children independent of the world. As it was—cut off before one of his schemes had reached maturity—you know the bitter poverty which followed, the privations which ground us to the earth, and under which our mother died; you know what a hard struggle I have had, how my life has been marred and its best hopes blasted. All of this we owe to Henry Tyrrell. And now—now in his very grave—he sends one crowning insult, one last injury, and he is so far beyond the reach of my arm that I can do nothing save appeal to God to judge between me and him!"

"God has judged," said Margaret, in a low tone. "Is not that enough? Hugh—stop and consider. Perhaps even Henry Tyrrell may have known remorse and meant this as—as a reparation."

"Margaret!"

"Don't misunderstand me," said she, quietly. "Don't think that I would accept it sooner than yourself. But why regard it in a light which he—the dead man—never may have meant?"

"I would stake my existence that he meant it!" Hugh said, fiercely. "And I would stake it, also, that his son—a worthy son of such a father—was only too glad to fulfil his bequest, and thus safely to wound and sting us! But, thank God!" cried the young man, with quickening eyes, "as is alive, and can be held to an account."

"Hugh, are you mad?" demanded Margaret, turning pale as she looked at his excited face. "What possible reason have you to talk like this? What has Roland Tyrrell to do with the acts of his father?"

"He has every thing to do with them," answered Hugh, coldly. "He is his father's representative, and as such I shall hold him. Don't be afraid that I will make a fool of myself," he went on, impatiently, as he met her eyes, full of anxious appeal. "The time has not yet come for a Tyrrell and a Churchill to reckon up scores. But, sooner or later, it will come, and then I shall hold him to a stern account. Do you remember the old Corsican custom of the *vendetta*? It was not a bad idea that, when one generation had suffered a wrong, another should avenge it. Well, I have sworn a vendetta against all of

Henry Tyrrell's blood, and I will never forget or forsake it so long as God gives me life?"

"It was a custom and an idea worthy of heathens—not of Christians," said Margaret.

"So be it," answered her brother. "All the same, it is mine. Now give me some pens and paper, that I may answer this lawyer at once."

The lawyer was answered—in what spirit it is not difficult to imagine—and there Hugh supposed that the matter would end. It was not long, however, before he learned the error of this opinion. Coming home from work one evening—he was an engineer, in the employ of a mining company—he met Roland Tyrrell at the gate of the pretty little cottage where Margaret and himself lived. Advancing from opposite directions, the two men came face to face exactly at this spot.

Through the soft autumn dusk Hugh had recognized the tall figure, moving toward him with a quick, decisive tread, and he could not restrain an emotion of involuntary surprise. It did not occur to him for a second that Tyrrell might wish to see him, and it chanced that, in order to be near the mines, the cottage in which the Churchills lived was very much out of the large town of Ridgford, and in a suburb chiefly inhabited by the manufacturing and mining class—for, after its mines, its mills were the great boast of Ridgford. They were very proud, these young people, and one form of their pride had ever been to wear their poverty as openly and bravely as other people make a point of wearing wealth. Hugh would have scorned himself if he had thought that he took sufficient interest in Roland Tyrrell to wonder what he was doing in such a quarter at such an hour; but, all the same, he felt surprised to see him.

This surprise was considerably augmented when—pausing as they met—Mr. Tyrrell quietly lifted his hat and spoke:

"This is Mr. Churchill, is it not?" Then, as Hugh assented, "Excuse the liberty I take in introducing myself, but I am Roland Tyrrell, and I was on my way to see you. This is your house, is it not?"

"This is my house," answered Hugh, in whose voice coldness and amazement seemed struggling for mastery. "But I confess, Mr. Tyrrell, that I am not at all prepared for the honor which you do me."

"That is very likely," said Tyrrell, smiling slightly, though gravely. "But I have something that I must say to you, and, if you will allow me, I should prefer to say it under your own roof."

What could Hugh reply to this? Plainly nothing, if he desired to keep within the bounds of ordinary civility; and being, with all his faults, a gentleman, the young fellow did desire that whatever he felt should be evinced, and whatever he had to do should be done, according to the letter of that courtesy which especially distinguishes the gentleman from the churl. He bowed, therefore, though very coldly, and opened the gate for his unwelcome visitor.

"Pray walk in," he said.

The other complied, and they walked together up the short path which led to the door where no latch-key was needed, for it stood open to the dying beauty of the Octo-

ber day, and showed the bright flicker of a wood-fire from a room within. Sweet and home-like it looked—a contrast, indeed, to the stately, gloomy house where Roland Tyrrell lived alone—and, as they entered the hall, a figure started up from a low chair in front of the sparkling blaze on the parlor-hearth.

"Is that you, Hugh?" asked a pleasant voice. "I had a fire made because I thought it would look cheerful, and, do you know, I believe I have been half asleep."

"My sister, Mr. Tyrrell," said Hugh, in a tone of ice.

The firelight was pretty and soft with its capricious glow, but it was not very bright, and the dusk was deep in the little parlor, so nobody saw much of the surprise which Margaret Churchill must have felt. One uncontrollable start she gave, but that was all, and her only welcome to this strange guest was a silent bow.

Then they sat down—Margaret in the shade—and Hugh, who was ever impetuous, plunged at once to the point.

"I must repeat that I am at a loss to imagine what you can have to say that has gained me this visit, Mr. Tyrrell."

"Are you?" said Mr. Tyrrell, in a tone of some surprise. "Then you must have forgotten very soon a communication which you received from my lawyer the other day; or else you must consider me very careless of my father's solemnly-expressed desire if you think I could rest satisfied with the decision you returned to him."

Hugh made an impatient gesture.

"That matter was ended when I answered your lawyer's letter," he said. "If you have come here to reopen it in any manner, you have given yourself a great deal of useless trouble."

"You mean that you are determined to refuse the bequest of a man who, however deeply he may have wronged you, has passed beyond the reach of your resentment now?"

"I mean," answered Hugh, almost fiercely, "that if the man who bequeathed this insult to those whom he has so deeply injured, were only alive, I would fling it scornfully into his teeth. Since that is impossible, I cast it back into the hands of those to whom he delegated this last office of hatred, and"—his voice fairly trembled with passion here—"bid them take heed how they come to press the offer of that which has been once rejected."

Leaning forward in the firelight, Roland Tyrrell fastened his dark eyes keenly on the kindling face before him. At those last words of menace, a white hand stole out of the dusky shadows and laid itself with a gentle, warning touch on Hugh's shoulder. Tyrrell's gaze fell for a moment on this before he spoke. Then he said, as quietly as ever:

"I judged from your letter that you took some such view of my father's bequest as this, and I came prepared to find you far from moderate in feeling or expression. I see you wonder why I came" (the question had risen plainly to Hugh's eyes). "Simply for this: to do an act of justice to the dead. You say that, in leaving you a legacy, my father meant to leave you a posthumous in-

sult. In this you wrong him as much as it is in the power of one man to wrong another. For many years before his death he bore about a continually augmenting sense of the great injury he once did you. It poisoned his life so entirely that his only comfort rested in the thought of some reparation, which, however inadequate it might be, would at least serve to mark his great remorse and great desire to make atonement. He knew that, besides other suffering, his act had entailed great pecuniary privation upon you, and this, at least, he wished to remove. During his life he was aware that you would accept no service at his hands, but he trusted that, after his death, you, who call yourself a Christian man, would not refuse the poor and weak atonement which he strove to make. I, his son—I, who witnessed more of his suffering than any other, save his Maker—I ask you now if you dare to do this?"

The grave, steadfast voice, with a ring of pathos in it so slight that a dull ear would not have caught it, had a certain accent of command as it asked the last question—as it seemed to plead for that poor soul gone, "with all its errors thick upon it," to the judgment-seat of God. But it pleaded to deaf ears as far as Hugh Churchill was concerned. He had listened coldly; he spoke, if possible, more coldly still:

"Once more I repeat that you waste your time when you speak on this subject, Mr. Tyrrell. I grant the truth and sincerity of all you say, but my decision is unalterably fixed. An angel sent from high Heaven could not make me consent to accept the least favor or benefit from your father, or from any of his name and blood. I must beg you to accept this as final."

He rose as he spoke, thus signifying that the interview was at an end; but, to his surprise, Roland Tyrrell did not rise also. He quietly kept his seat, still leaning slightly forward, with his eyes turned toward that region of dim shadow where Margaret sat, like a faint, suggestive outline of a woman.

"You forget that your decision is not the only one, Mr. Churchill," he said, at length. "Your sister is of legal age, is she not? I have yet to hear whether she rejects my father's reparation as unequivocally as you have done."

"I spoke for my sister as well as for myself," Hugh answered, haughtily. "Margaret is here, however. If she desires, she can speak for herself."

"I don't desire it, Hugh," said Margaret's voice, trembling softly out of the shadows. "I would rather you spoke for me."

"I have spoken," said Hugh, laconically.

"But pardon me if I ask, is this right?" said Tyrrell, for the first time directly addressing Margaret. "You should think and act for yourself—not follow blindly your brother's example. I can scarcely think that you—a woman—are as utterly without compassion for the sufferings and atonement of a most unhappy man as he seems to be."

"My sister needs no schooling in her duty, sir," said Hugh, enraged at this boldness.—"Margaret, speak for yourself, and satisfy Mr. Tyrrell that, on a point of honor, we Churchills always think alike."

The young autocrat uttered this imperiously, but for a moment no answer was returned. The flickering play of the firelight rose and fell many times before Margaret spoke from her nook of shadows—spoke gravely, yet very gently:

"I think Hugh is quite right, Mr. Tyrrell, in declining to accept the bequest of which you speak. Apart from his influence, I am sure that it would never have occurred to me for a moment to accept any obligation—above all, such an obligation—from the hand that shed my father's blood. But"—her voice seemed to gather strength here—"I think Hugh is very wrong in his great bitterness of feeling, and I, having heard and believed all that you said of his remorse, would be glad if your father stood here this moment, to learn how fully and freely one Churchill, at least, forgives the crime he committed and the wrong he wrought."

There was a minute's silence after these words were uttered. Indeed, it would be hard to say which of her two listeners Margaret had taken most by surprise. Tyrrell, however, recovered his power of speech and action first. While Hugh still glared in amazement at his sister, she rose and went over to her side. She certainly had not meant to give him her hand, but he took it in his own, nevertheless.

"God bless you!" he said, in a voice that quivered with emotion. "You have spoken as a brave, generous woman should speak, and I—I shall never cease to be grateful to you!"

More than this he could not say, even if he had desired to do so, for Hugh interfered, scornfully and coldly:

"My sister is a woman, as you remark, Mr. Tyrrell, and, after the fashion of her sex, she has introduced a purely irrelevant question into a matter of business. Since we have both agreed in declining your father's legacy, however, I believe there is nothing more to say."

This time Roland Tyrrell took the hint so curiously given. He released Margaret's hand, and, with a parting bow to her, passed out of the room. But at the door of the cottage—whither Hugh had followed him—he paused.

"Is there any reason, Mr. Churchill," he said, frankly and kindly, "why the unfortunate enmity of our fathers should be revived and perpetuated in the second generation? Is there any reason why we should hold aloof for the sake of the sins or errors of others? I confess that it would make me very happy to bury the miserable past, and to greet you as a friend."

As he spoke, he extended his hand, with a cordial grace which few men could have resisted, but Hugh Churchill drew haughtily back.

"It is very magnanimous in you, Mr. Tyrrell, to be willing to bury a past that has never injured you," he said. "But I am not yet in a position to meet your generosity on equal ground. When I have paid, to the uttermost farthing, the debt which I owe your father, and when I have gained once more the level from which my father was cast, then, if you choose to offer your hand again, I may accept it. Not before."

"Believe me, I am sorry," said Roland Tyrrell, in a low tone, "and believe, also, that you cannot readily do any thing which I shall resent. The great wrong my father wrought—the wrong for which I would freely give my life to atone—stands ever between us like a shield. Yet, I do not think I shall be likely to offer again the hand you have once rejected. Pardon me now for having, in a measure, thrust myself upon you, and—good-evening."

He lifted his hat ceremoniously and walked slowly away in the gathering dusk. Standing at the parlor-window, Margaret Churchill saw his tall, stately figure vanish from sight as he passed out of the gate, and took a path which led through a *débris* of newly-rising houses, to where the long lines of quivering lamps marked the populous town.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POOR PRETTY BOBBY.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON, AUTHOR OF "RED AS A ROSE IS SHE," ETC.

I.

"YES, my dear, you may not believe me, but I can assure you that you cannot dislike old women more, nor think them more contemptible supernumeraries, than I did when I was your age."

This is what old Mrs. Wentworth says—the old lady so incredibly tenacious of life (incredibly, as it seems to me at eighteen) as to have buried a husband and five strong sons, and yet still to eat her dinner with hearty relish, and laugh at any such jokes as are spoken loudly enough to reach her dulled ears. This is what she says, shaking the while her head, which—poor old soul—is already shaking a good deal involuntarily. I am sitting close beside her arm-chair, and have been reading aloud to her; but, as I cannot succeed in pitching my voice so as to make her hear satisfactorily, by mutual consent the book has been dropped in my lap, and we have betaken ourselves to conversation.

"I never said I disliked old women, did I?" reply I, evasively, being too truthful altogether to deny the soft impeachment. "What makes you think I do? They are infinitely preferable to old men; I do distinctly dislike them."

"A fat, bald, deaf old woman," continues she, not heeding me, and speaking with slow emphasis, while she raises one trembling hand to mark each unpleasant adjective; "if, in the year '2, any one had told me that I should have lived to be that, I think I should have killed him myself; and yet now I am all three."

"You are not very deaf," say I politely—(the fatness and baldness admit of no civilities consistent with veracity)—but I raise my voice to pay the compliment.

"In the year '2 I was seventeen," she says, wandering off into memory. "Yes, my dear, I am just fifteen years older than the century, and it is getting into its dotage, is not it? The year '2—ah! that was just about

the time that I first saw my poor Bobby! Poor pretty Bobby."

"And who was Bobby?" ask I, pricking up my ears, and scenting, with the keen nose of youth, a dead-love idyl; an idyl, of which this poor old hill of unsteady flesh was the heroine.

"I must have told you the tale a hundred times, have not I?" she asks, turning her old, dim eyes toward me. "A curious tale, say what you will, and explain it how you will. I think I must have told you; but, indeed, I forget to whom I tell my old stories, and to whom I do not. Well, my love, you must promise to stop me if you have heard it before, but, to me, you know, these old things are so much clearer than the things of yesterday."

"You never told me, Mrs. Hamilton," I say, and say truthfully; for, being a new acquaintance, I really have not been made acquainted with Bobby's history. "Would you mind telling it me now, if you are sure that it would not bore you?"

"Bobby," she repeats softly to herself, "Bobby. I dare say you do not think it a very pretty name?"

"N—not particularly," reply I, honestly. "To tell you the truth, it rather reminds me of a policeman."

"I dare say," she answers, quietly; "and yet in the year '2 I grew to think it the handsomest, dearest name on earth. Well, if you like, I will begin at the beginning, and tell you how that came about."

"Do," say I, drawing a stocking out of my pocket, and thriftily beginning to knit, to assist me in the process of listening.

"In the year '2 we were at war with France—you know that, of course. It seemed then as if war were our normal state; I could hardly remember a time when Europe had been at peace. In these days of stagnant quiet it appears as if people's kith and kin always lived out their full time, and died in their beds. Then there was hardly a house where there was not one dead, either in battle, or of his wounds after battle, or of some dysentery or ugly parching fever. As for us, we had always been a soldier family—always; there was not one of us that had ever worn a black gown or set upon a high stool with a pen behind his ear. I had lost uncles and cousins by the half-dozen and dozen, but, for my part, I did not much mind, as I knew very little about them, and black was more becoming wear to a person with my bright color than any thing else."

At the mention of her bright color I unintentionally lift my eyes from my knitting, and contemplate the yellow bagginess of the poor old cheek nearest me. O Time! Time! what absurd and dirty turns you play us! What do you do with all our fair and goodly things when you have stolen them from us? In what far and hidden treasure-house do you store them?

"But I did care very much—very exceedingly—for my dear old father—not so old either—younger than my eldest boy was when he went; he would have been forty-two if he had lived three days longer. Well, well, child, you must not let me wander; you must keep me to it. He was not a soldier, was not my

father; he was a sailor, a post-captain in his majesty's navy, and commanded the ship Thunderer in the Channel Fleet.

"I had struck seventeen in the year '2, as I said before, and had just come home from being finished at a boarding-school of repute in those days, where I had learned to talk the prettiest *ancien régime* French, and to hate Bonaparte with unchristian violence from a little ruined *émigré* *maréchal*; had also, with infinite expedition of time, labor, and Berlin-wool, wrought out 'Abraham's Sacrifice of Isaac' and 'Jacob's First Kiss to Rachel,' in finest cross-stitch. Now, I had bidden adieu to learning; had inly resolved never to disinter 'Télémaque' and Thomson's 'Seasons' from the bottom of my trunk; had taken a holiday from all my accomplishments, with the exception of cross-stitch, to which I still faithfully adhered—and, indeed, on the day I am going to mention, I recollect that I was hard at work on Judas Iscariot's face in Leonardo da Vinci's 'Last Supper'—hard at work at it, sitting in the morning sunshine, on a straight-backed chair. We had flatter backs in those days; our shoulders were not made round by lolling in easy-chairs; indeed, no then upholsterer made a chair that it was possible to loll in. My father rented a house near Plymouth at that time, an in-and-out spooky kind of old house—no doubt, it has fallen to pieces long years ago—a house all set round with unnumbered flowers, and about which the rooks clamored all together from the windy elm-tops. I was laboring in flesh-colored wool on Judas's left cheek, when the door opened and my mother entered. She looked as if something had freshly pleased her, and her eyes were smiling. In her hand she held an open and evidently just-read letter.

"A messenger has come from Plymouth," she says, advancing quickly and joyfully toward me. "Your father will be here this afternoon."

"This afternoon!" cry I, at the top of my voice, pushing away my heavy work-frame. "How delightful! But how?—how can that happen?"

"They have had a brush with a French privateer," she answers, sitting down on another straight-backed chair, and looking again over the large square letter, destitute of envelop, for such things were not in those days, "and then they succeeded in taking her. Yet, they were a good deal knocked about in the process, and have had to put into Plymouth to refit, so he will be here this afternoon for a few hours."

"Hurrah!" cry I, rising, holding out my scanty skirts, and beginning to dance.

"Bobby Gerard is coming with him," continues my mother, again glancing at her dispatch. "Poor boy! he has had a shot through his right arm, which has broken the bone, so your father is bringing him here for us to nurse him well again."

"I stop in my dancing."

"Hurrah again!" I say, brutally. "I do not mean about his arm; of course I am very sorry for that; but, at all events, I shall see him at last. I shall see whether he is like his picture, and whether it is not as egregiously flattered as I have always suspected."

"There were no photographs, you know, in those days—not even hazy daguerrotypes—it was fifty good years too soon for them. The picture to which I allude is a miniature, at which I had stolen many a deeply-longingly-admiring glance in its velvet case. It is almost impossible for a miniature not to flatter. To the most coarse-skinned and mealy-potato-faced people it cannot help giving cheeks of the texture of a rose-leaf, and brows of the grain of finest marble.

"Yes," replies my mother, absently, "so you will. Well, I must be going to give orders about his room. He would like one looking on the garden best, do not you think, Phoebe?—one where he could smell the flowers and hear the birds?"

"Mother goes, and I fall into a meditation. Bobby Gerard is an orphan. A few years ago his mother, who was an old friend of my father's—who knows? perhaps an old love—feeling her end drawing nigh, had sent for father, and had asked him, with eager dying tears, to take as much care of her pretty, forlorn boy as he could, and to shield him a little in his tender years from the evils of this wicked world, and to be to him a wise and kindly guardian, in the place of those natural ones that God had taken. And father had promised, and when he promised there was small fear of his not keeping his word.

"This was some years ago, and yet I had never seen him nor he me; he had been almost always at sea, and I at school. I had heard plenty about him—about his sayings, his vagaries, his mischievousness, his soft-heartedness, and his great and unusual comeliness; but his outward man, save as represented in that stealthily-peeped-at miniature, had I never seen. They were to arrive in the afternoon; but long before the hour at which they were due I was waiting with expectant impatience to receive them. I had changed my dress, and had (though rather ashamed of myself) put on every thing of most becoming that my wardrobe afforded. If you were to see me as I stood before the glass on that summer afternoon, you would not be able to contain your laughter; the little boys in the street would run after me throwing stones and hooting, but then—according to the then fashion and standard of gentility—I was all that was most elegant and *comme il faut*. Lately it has been the mode to puff one's self out with unnatural and improbable protuberances; then one's great life-object was to make one's self appear as scrimping as possible—to make one's self look as flat as if one had been ironed. Many people damped their clothes to make them stick more closely to them, and to make them define more distinctly the outline of form and limbs. One's waist was under one's arms; the sole object of which seemed to be to outrage Nature by pushing one's bust up into one's chin, and one's legs were revealed through one's scanty drapery with startling candor as one walked or sat. I remember once standing with my back to a bright fire in our long drawing-room, and seeing myself reflected in a big mirror at the other end. I was so thinly clad that I was transparent, and could see through myself. Well, in the afternoon in question I was dressed quite an hour and a half too

soon. I had a narrow little white gown, which clung successfully tight and close to my figure, and which was of so moderate a length as to leave visible my ankles, and my neatly-shod and cross-sandalled feet. I had long mittens on my arms, black, and embroidered on the backs in colored silks; and above my hair, which at the back was scratched up to the top of my crown, towered a tremendous tortoise-shell comb; while on each side of my face modestly drooped a bunch of curls, nearly meeting over my nose.

"My figure was full—ah! my dear, I have always had a tendency to fat, and you see what it has come to—and my pink cheeks were more deeply, brightly rosy than usual. I had looked out at every upper window, so as to have the farthest possible view of the road.

"I had walked in my thin shoes half-way down the drive, so as to command a turn, which, from the house, impeded my vision, when, at last, after many tantalizing false alarms, and just five minutes later than the time mentioned in the letter, the high-swung, yellow-bodied post-chaise hove in sight, dragged—briskly jingling—along by a pair of galloping horses. Then, suddenly, shyness overcame me—much as I loved my father, it was more as my personification of all knightly and noble qualities than from much personal acquaintance with him—and I fled.

"I remained in my room until I thought I had given them ample time to get through the first greetings and settle down into quiet talk. Then, having for one last time run my fingers through each ringlet of my two curl-bunches, I stole diffidently down-stairs.

"There was a noise of loud and gay voices issuing from the parlor, but, as I entered, they all stopped talking and turned to look at me.

"And so this is Phoebe!" cries my father's jovial voice, as he comes toward me, and heartily kisses me. "Good Lord, how time flies! It does not seem more than three months since I saw the child, and yet then she was a bit of a brat in trousers, and long, bare legs!"

"At this allusion to my late mode of attire, I laugh, but I also feel myself growing scarlet.

"Here, Bobby!" continues my father, taking me by the hand, and leading me toward a sofa on which a young man is sitting beside my mother; "this is my little lass that you have so often heard of. Not such a very little one, after all, is she? Do not be shy, my boy; you will not see such a pretty girl every day of your life—give her a kiss."

"My eyes are on the ground, but I am aware that the young man rises, advances (not unwillingly, as it seems to me), and bestows a kiss, somewhere or other on my face. I am not quite clear where, as I think the curls impede him a good deal.

"Thus, before ever I saw Bobby, before ever I knew what manner of man he was, I was kissed by him. That was a good beginning, was not it?"

"After these salutations are over, we subside again into conversation—I sitting beside my father, with his arm round my waist, sitting modestly silent, and peeping every now

and then under my eyes, as often as I think I may do so safely unobserved, at the young fellow opposite me. I am instituting an inward comparison between Nature and Art; between the real live man and the miniature that undertakes to represent him. The first result of this inspection is disappointment, for where are the lovely, smooth roses and lilies that I have been wont to connect with Bobby Gerard's name? There are no roses in his cheek, certainly; they are palish—from his wound, as I conjecture; but even before that accident, if there were roses at all, they must have been mahogany-colored ones, for the salt sea winds and the high summer sun have tanned his fair face to a rich reddish, brownish, copperish hue. But, in some things, the picture lied not. There is the brow more broad than high; the straight, fine nose; the brave and joyful blue eyes, and the mouth with its pretty curling smile. On the whole, perhaps, I am not disappointed.

"By-and-by father rises, and steps out into the veranda, where the canary-birds, hung out in their cages, are noisily praising God after their manner. Mother follows him. I should like to do the same; but a sense of good manners, and a conjecture that possibly my parents may have some subjects to discuss, on which they would prefer to be without the help of my advice, restrain me. I therefore remain, and so does the invalid.

II.

"For some moments the silence threatens to remain unbroken between us; for some moments the subdued sound of father's and mother's talk from among the rose-beds, and the piercing clamor of the canaries—fishwives among birds—are the only noises that salute our ears. Noise we can make none, ourselves. My eyes are reading the muddled pattern of the Turkey carpet; I do not know what his are doing. Small knowledge have I had of men, save the dancing-master at our school; a beautiful new youth is almost as great a novelty to me as to Miranda, and I am a good deal gawki-er than she was under the new experience. I think he must have made a vow that he would not speak first. I feel myself swelling to double my normal size with confusion and heat; at last, in desperation, I look up, and say, sententiously, 'You have been wounded, I believe?'

"Yes, I have."

"He might have helped me by answering more at large, might not he? But now that I am having a good look at him, I see that he is rather red, too. Perhaps he also feels gawky and swollen; the idea encourages me.

"Did it hurt very badly?"

"N—not so very much."

"I should have thought that you ought to have been in bed," say I, with a motherly air of solicitude.

"Should you?—why?"

"I thought that, when people broke their limbs, they had to stay in bed till they were mended again."

"But mine was broken a week ago," he answers, smiling, and showing his straight white teeth—ah, the miniature was silent

about them! 'You would not have had me stay in bed a whole week like an old woman?'

"I expected to have seen you much sicker," say I, beginning to feel more at my ease, and with a sensible diminution of that unpleasant swelling sensation. 'Father said in his note that we were to nurse you well again; that sounded as if you were quite ill.'

"Your father always takes a great deal too much care of me," he says, with a slight frown and darkening of his whole bright face. 'I might be sugar or salt.'

"And very kind of him, too," I cry, firing up. 'What motive besides your own good can he have for looking after you? I call you rather ungrateful!'

"Do you?" he says, calmly, and without apparent resentment. 'But you are mistaken! I am not ungrateful. However, naturally, you do not understand.'

"Oh, indeed!" reply I, speaking rather shortly, and feeling a little offended, 'I dare say not.'

"Our talk is taking a somewhat hostile tone; to what further amenities we might have proceeded is unknown; for at this point father and mother reappear through the window, and the necessity of conversing with each other at all ceases.

"Father stayed till evening, and we all supped together, and I was called upon to sit by Bobby, and cut up his food for him, as he was disabled from doing it for himself. Then, later still, when the sun had set, and all his evening reds and purples had followed him, when the night-flowers were scenting all the garden, and the shadows lay about enormously long in the summer moonlight, father got into the post-chaise again, and drove away through the black shadows and the faint clear shine, and Bobby stood at the hall-door watching him, with his arm in a sling and a wistful smile on lips and eyes.

"Well, we are not left quite desolate this time," says mother, turning with rather tearful laughter to the young man. 'You wish that we were, do not you, Bobby?'

"You would not believe me if I answered 'No,' would you?" he asks, with the same still smile.

"He is not very polite to us, is he, Phoebe?"

"You would not wish me to be polite in such a case," he replies, flushing. 'You would not wish me to be glad at missing the chance of seeing any of the fun?'

"But Mr. Gerard's eagerness to be back at his post delays the probability of his being able to return thither. The next day he has a feverish attack, the day after he is worse; the day after that worse still, and, in fine, it is between a fortnight and three weeks before he also is able to get into a post-chaise and drive away to Plymouth. And, meanwhile, mother and I nurse him and cosset him, and make him odd and cool drinks out of herbs and field-flowers, whose uses are now disdained or forgotten. I do not mean any offence to you, my dear, but I think that young girls in those days were less squeamish and more truly delicate than they are nowadays. I remember once I read 'Humphrey Clinker' aloud to my father, and we both highly rel-

ished and laughed over its jokes; but I should not have understood one of the darkly-unclean allusions in that French book your brother left here one day. You would think it very unseemly to enter the bedroom of a strange young man, sick or well; but as for me, I spent whole nights in Bobby's, watching him and tending him with as little false shame as if he had been my brother. I can hear now, more plainly than the song you sang me an hour ago, the slumberous buzzing of the great brown-coated summer bees in his still room, as I sat by his bedside watching his sleeping face, as he dreamed unquietly, and clinched, and again unclined, his nervous hands. I think he was back in the Thunderer. I can see now the little close curls of his sunshiny hair straggling over the white pillow. And then there came a good and blessed day, when he was out of danger, and then another, a little farther on, when he was up and dressed, and he and I walked forth into the hay-field beyond the garden—reversing the order of things—he leaning on my arm, and a good, plump, solid arm it was. We walked out under the heavy-leaved horse-chestnut trees, and the old and rough-barked elms. The sun was shining all this time, as it seems to me. I do not believe that in those old days there were the same cold, unseasonable rains as now; there were soft showers enough to keep the grass green and the flowers undrooped; but I have no association of overcast skies and untimely deluges with those long and azure days. We sat under a haycock, on the shady side, and indolently watched the hot haymakers—the shirt-sleeved men, and burnt and bare-armed women, tossing and raking; while we breathed the blessed country-air, full of adorable scents, and crowded with little happy and pretty-winged insects.

"In three days," said Bobby, leaning his elbow in the hay, and speaking with an eager smile, 'three days, at the farthest, I may go back again; may not I, Phoebe?'

"Without doubt," reply I, stiffly, pulling a dry and faded ox-eye flower out of the odoriferous mound beside me; 'for my part, I do not see why you should not go to-morrow, or, indeed—if we could send into Plymouth for a chaise—this afternoon; you are so thin that you look all mouth and eyes, and you can hardly stand without assistance; but these, of course, are trifling drawbacks, and I dare say would be rather an advantage on board ship than otherwise.'

"You are angry!" he says, with a sort of laugh in his deep eyes. 'You look even prettier when you are angry than when you are pleased.'

"It is no question of my looks," I say, still in some heat, though mollified by the irrelevant compliment.

"For the second time you are thinking me ungrateful," he says, gravely; 'you do not tell me so in so many words, because it is toward yourself that my ingratitude is shown; the first time you told me of it it was almost the first thing that you ever said to me.'

"So it was!" I answer, quickly; 'and, if the occasion were to come over again, I should say it again. I dare say you did not mean it, but it sounded exactly as if you were com-

plaining of my father for being too careful of you.'

"He is too careful of me!" cries the young man, with a hot flushing of cheek and brow. 'I cannot help it if it make you angry again; I *must* say it—he is more careful of me than he would be of his own son, if he had one.'

"Did not he promise your mother that he would look after you?" ask I, eagerly. 'When people make promises to people on their death-beds, they are in no hurry to break them; at least, such people as father are not.'

"You do not understand," he says, a little impatiently, while that hot flush still dwells on his pale cheek; 'my mother was the last person in the world to wish him to take care of my body at the expense of my honor.'

"What are you talking about?" I say, looking at him with a lurking suspicion that, despite the steady light of reason in his blue eyes, he is still laboring under some form of delirium.

"Unless I tell you all my grievance, I see that you will never comprehend," he says, sighing. 'Well, listen to me and you shall hear it; and, if you do not agree with me when I have done, you are not the kind of girl I take you for.'

"Then I am sure I am not the kind of girl you take me for," reply I, with a laugh; 'for I am fully determined to disagree with you entirely.'

"You know," he says, raising himself a little from his hay-couch and speaking with clear rapidity, 'that, whenever we take a French prize, a lot of the French sailors are ironed, and the vessel is sent into port, in the charge of one officer and several men; there is some slight risk attending it—for my part, I think very slight—but I suppose that your father looks at it differently, for—I have never been sent.'

"It is accident," say I, reassuringly; 'your turn will come in good time.'

"It is *not* accident!" he answers, firmly. 'Boys younger than I am—much less trustworthy, and of whom he has not half the opinion that he has of me—have been sent; but I, never. I bore it as well as I could for a long time, but now I can bear it no longer; it is not, I assure you, my fancy; but I can see that my brother officers, knowing how partial your father is to me—what influence I have with him in many things—conclude that my not being sent is my own choice; in short, that I am—*afraid*.' (His voice sinks with a disgusted and shamed intonation at the last word.) 'Now—I have told you the sober facts—look me in the face,' putting his hand with boyish familiarity under my chin, and turning round my curls, my features, and the front view of my big comb toward him, 'and tell me whether you agree with me, as I said you would, or not—whether it is not cruel kindness on his part to make me keep a whole skin on such terms?'

"I look him in the face for a moment, trying to say that I do not agree with him, but it is more than I can manage. 'You were right,' I say, turning my head away, 'I do agree with you; I wish to Heaven that I could honestly say that I did not.'

"Since you do, then," he cries, excitedly—"Phoebe! I knew you would, I knew you better than you knew yourself—I have a favor to ask of you, a *great* favor, and one that will keep me all my life in debt to you.'

"What is it?" ask I, with a sinking heart.

"Your father is very fond of you"—

"I know it," I answer, curtly.

"Any thing that you asked, and that was within the bounds of possibility, he would do," he continues, with eager gravity. 'Well, this is what I ask of you: to write him a line, and let me take it, when I go, asking him to send me home in the next prize.'

"Silence for a moment, only the haymakers laughing over their rakes. 'And if,' say I, with a trembling voice, 'you lose your life in this service, you will have to thank me for it; I shall have your death on my head all through my life.'

"The danger is infinitesimal, as I told you before," he says, impatiently; 'and, even if it were greater than it is—well, life is a good thing, very good, but there are better things; and, even if I come to grief, which is most unlikely, there are plenty of men as good as, better than I, to step into my place.'

"It will be small consolation to the people who are fond of you that some one better than you is alive, though you are dead," I say, tearfully.

"But I do not mean to be dead," he says, with a cheery laugh. 'Why are you so determined on killing me? I mean to live to be an admiral. Why should not I?'

"Why, indeed?" say I, with a feeble echo of his cheerful mirth, and feeling rather ashamed of my tears.

"And meanwhile you will write?" he says, with an eager return to the charge; 'and soon! Do not look angry and pouting, as you did just now, but I *must* go! What is there to hinder me? I am getting up my strength as fast as it is possible for any human creature to do, and just think how I should feel if they were to come in for something really good while I am away!'

"So I wrote.

III.

"I OFTEN wished afterward that my right hand had been cut off before its fingers had held the pen that wrote that letter. You wonder to see me moved at what happened so long ago—before your parents were born—and certainly it makes not much difference now; for, even if he had prospered then, and come happily home to me, yet, in the course of Nature, he would have gone long before now. I should not have been so cruel as to have wished him to have lasted to be as I am. I did not mean to hint at the end of my story before I have reached the middle. Well—and so he went, with the letter in his pocket, and I felt something like the king in the tale, who sent a messenger with a letter, and wrote in the letter, 'Slay the bearer of this as soon as he arrives!' But, before he went—the evening before, as we walked in the garden after supper, with our monstrously long shadows stretching before us in the moonlight—I do not think he said in so many words, 'Will you marry me?' but somehow, by

some signs or words on both our parts, it became clear to us that, by-and-by, if God left him alive, and if the war ever came to an end, he and I should belong to one another. And so, having understood this, when he went he kissed me, as he had done when he came, only this time no one bade him; he did it of his own accord, and a hundred times instead of one; and for my part, this time, instead of standing passive like a log or a post, I kissed him back again, most lovingly, with many tears.

"Ah! parting in those days, when the last kiss to one's beloved ones was not unlikely to be an adieu until the great day of Judgment, was a different thing to the listless, unemotional good-bys of these stagnant times of peace.

"And so Bobby also got into a post-chaise and drove away, and we watched him, too, till he turned the corner out of our sight, as we had watched father; and then I hid my face among the jasmine-flowers that clothed the wall of the house, and wept as one that would not be comforted. However, one cannot weep forever, or, if one does, it makes one blind and blear, and I did not wish Bobby to have a wife with such defects; so, in process of time, I dried my tears.

"And the days passed by, and Nature went slowly and evenly through her lovely changes. The hay was gathered in, and the fine new grass and clover sprang up among the stalks of the grass that had gone; and the wild-roses struggled into odorous bloom, and crowned the hedges, and then *their* time came, and they shook down their faint petals, and went.

"And now the corn-harvest had come, and we had heard once or twice from our beloveds, but not often. And the sun still shone with broad power, and kept the rain in subjection. And all the morning I sat at my big frame, and toiled on at the 'Last Supper.' I had finished Judas Iscariot's face and the other Apostles. I was engaged now upon the table-cloth, which was not interesting, and required not much exercise of thought. And mother sat near me, either working too or reading a good book, and taking snuff—every lady snuffed in those days; at least in trifles, if not in great things, the world mends. And at night, when ten o'clock struck, I covered up my frame and stole listlessly upstairs to my room. There I knelt at the open window, facing Plymouth and the sea, and asked God to take good care of father and Bobby. I do not know that I asked for any spiritual blessings for them; I only begged that they might be alive.

"One night, one hot night, having prayed even more heartily and tearfully than my wont for them both, I had lain down to sleep. The windows were left open, and the blinds up, that all possible air might reach me from the still and scented garden below. Thinking of Bobby, I had fallen asleep, and he is still mistily in my head, when I seem to wake. The room is full of clear light, but it is not morning; it is only the moon looking right in and flooding every object. I can see my own ghostly figure sitting up in bed, reflected in the looking-glass opposite. I listen; surely I heard some noise; yes—cer-

tainly, there can be no doubt of it—some one is knocking loudly and perseveringly at the hall-door. At first I fall into a deadly fear; then my reason comes to my aid. If it were a robber, or person with any evil intent, would he knock so openly and clamorously as to arouse the inmates? Would not he rather go stealthily to work, to force a *silent* entrance for himself? At worst it is some drunken sailor from Plymouth; at best, it is a messenger with news of our dear ones. At this thought I instantly spring out of bed, and hurrying on my stockings and shoes, and whatever garments come most quickly to hand—with my hair spread all over my back, and utterly forgetful of my big comb, I open my door and fly down the passages, into which the moon is looking with her ghostly smile, and down the broad and shallow stairs.

"As I near the hall-door I meet our old butler, also rather dishevelled, and evidently on the same errand as myself.

"Who can it be, Stephens?" I ask, trembling with excitement and fear.

"Indeed, ma'am, I cannot tell you," replies the old man, shaking his head, "it is a very odd time of night to choose for making such a noise. We will ask their business, whoever they are, before we unchain the door."

"It seems to me as if the endless bolts would never be drawn—the key never be turned in the stiff lock; but at last the door opens slowly and cautiously, only to the width of a few inches, as it is still confined by the strong chain. I peep out eagerly, expecting I know not what.

"Good Heavens! What do I see? No drunken sailor, no messenger, but, oh joy! oh blessedness! my Bobby himself; my beautiful boy-lover. Even now, even after all these weary years, even after the long bitterness that followed, I cannot forget the unutterable happiness of that moment.

"Open the door, Stephens, quick!" I cry, stammering with eagerness. "Draw the chain; it is Mr. Gerard; do not keep him waiting."

"The chain rattles down, the door opens wide, and there he stands before me. At once, ere any one has said any thing, ere any thing has happened, a feeling of cold disappointment steals unaccountably over me—a nameless sensation, whose nearest kin is chilly awe. He makes no movement toward me; he does not catch me in his arms, nor even hold out his right hand to me. He stands there, still and silent, and, though the night is dry, equally free from rain and dew, I see that he is dripping wet; the water is running down from his clothes, from his drenched hair, and even from his eyelashes, on to the dry ground at his feet.

"What has happened?" I cry, hurriedly. "How wet you are!" and, as I speak, I stretch out my hand and lay it on his coat-sleeve. But, even as I do it, a sensation of intense cold runs up my fingers and my arm, even to the elbow. How is it that he is so chilled to the marrow of his bones on this sultry, breathless, August night? To my extreme surprise, he does not answer; he still stands there, dumb and dripping. "Where have you come from?" I ask, with that sense of awe deepening. "Have you fallen into the river? How is it that you are so wet?"

"It was cold," he says, shivering, and speaking in a slow and strangely-altered voice, "bitting cold. I could not stay there."

"Stay where?" I say, looking in amazement at his face, which, whether owing to the ghastly effect of moonlight or not, seems to me ash-white. "Where have you been? What is it you are talking about?"

"But he does not reply.

"He is really ill, I am afraid, Stephens, I say, turning, with a forlorn feeling, toward the old butler. "He does not seem to hear what I say to him. I am afraid he has had a thorough chill. What water can he have fallen into? You had better help him up to bed, and get him warm between the blankets. His room is quite ready for him, you know—come in," I say, stretching out my hand to him; "you will be better after a night's rest."

"He does not take my offered hand, but he follows me across the threshold and across the hall. I hear the water-drops falling drip, drip, on the echoing stone floor as he passes; then up-stairs, and along the gallery to the door of his room, where I leave him with Stephens. Then every thing becomes blank and *nil* to me.

"I am awake, as usual, in the morning by the entrance of my maid with hot water.

"Well, how is Mr. Gerard this morning?" I ask, springing into a sitting posture.

"She puts down the hot-water tin and stares at her leisure at me.

"My dear Miss Phoebe, how should I know? Please God, he is in good health and safe, and that we shall have good news of him before long."

"Have not you asked how he is?" I ask, impatiently. "He did not seem quite himself last night; there was something odd about him. I feared he was in for another touch of fever."

"Last night—fever," repeats she, slowly and disconnectedly echoing some of my words.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, I am sure, but I have not the least idea in life what you are talking about."

"How stupid you are!" I say, quite at the end of my patience. "Did not Mr. Gerard come back unexpectedly last night, and did not I hear him knocking, and run down to open the door, and did not Stephens come too, and afterward take him up to bed?"

"The stare of bewilderment gives way to a laugh.

"You have been dreaming, ma'am. Of course I cannot answer for what you did last night, but I am sure that Stephens knows no more of the young gentleman than I do, for only just now, at breakfast, he was saying that he thought it was about time for us to have some tidings of him and master."

"A dream!" cry I, indignantly. "Impossible! I was no more dreaming then than I am now."

"But time convinces me that I am mistaken, and that during all the time that I thought I was standing at the open hall-door, talking to my beloved, in reality I was lying on my bed in the depths of sleep, with no other company than the scent of the flowers and the light of the moon. At this discovery a great and terrible depression falls on me. I go to my mother to tell her of my vision, and at the end of my narrative I say:

"Mother, I know well that Bobby is dead, and that I shall never see him any more. I feel assured that he died last night, and that he came himself to tell me of his going. I am sure that there is nothing left for me now but to go, too."

"I speak thus far with great calmness, but, when I have done, I break out into loud and violent weeping. Mother rebukes me gently, telling me that there is nothing more natural than that I should dream of a person who constantly occupies my waking thoughts, nor that, considering the gloomy nature of my apprehensions about him, my dream should be of a sad and ominous kind; but that, above all dreams and omens, God is good, that He has preserved him hitherto, and that, for her part, no devil-sent apparition shall shake her confidence in His continued clemency. I go away a little comforted, though not very much, and still every night I kneel at the open window facing Plymouth and the sea, and pray for my sailor-boy. But it seems to me, despite all my self-reasonings, despite all that mother says, that my prayers for him are prayers for the dead.

IV.

"THREE more weeks pass away; the harvest is garnered, and the pears are growing soft and mellow. Mother's and my outward life goes on in its silent regularity, nor do we talk much to each other of the tumult that rages—of the heartache that burns within each of us. At the end of the three weeks, as we are sitting, as usual, quietly employed, and buried each in our own thoughts, in the parlor, toward evening, we hear wheels approaching the hall-door. We both run out as in my dream I had run to the door, and arrive in time to receive my father as he steps out of the carriage that has brought him. Well, at least one of our wanderers has come home—but where is the other?

"Almost before he has heartily kissed us both—wife and child—father cries out, 'But where is Bobby?'

"That is just what I was going to ask you," replies mother, quickly.

"Is not he *here* with you?" returns he, anxiously.

"Not he," answers mother, "we have neither seen nor heard any thing of him for more than six weeks."

"Great God!" exclaims he, while his face assumes an expression of the deepest concern, "what can have become of him? what can have happened to the poor fellow?"

"Has not he been with you, then?—has not he been in the Thunderer?" asks mother, running her words into one another in her eagerness to get them out.

"I sent him home three weeks ago in a prize, with a letter to you, and told him to stay with you till I came home, and what can have become of him since, God only knows!" he answers, with a look of the profoundest sorrow and anxiety.

"There is a moment of forlorn and dreary silence; then I speak. I have been standing dumbly by, listening, and my heart growing colder and colder at every dismal word.

"It is all my doing!" I cry, passionately, flinging myself down in an agony of tears on

the straight-backed old settle in the hall. 'It is my fault—no one else's! The very last time that I saw him I told him that he would have to thank me for his death, and he laughed at me, but it has come true. If I had not written you, father, that accursed letter, we should have had him here now, this minute, safe and sound, standing in the middle of us—as we never, never shall have him again!'

"I stop, literally suffocated with emotion.

"Father comes over, and lays his kind, brown hand on my bent, prone head. 'My child,' he says, 'my dear child' (and tears are dimming the clear gray of his own eyes), 'you are wrong to make up your mind to what is the worst at once. I do not disguise from you that there is cause for grave anxiety about the dear fellow, but still God is good; He has kept both him and me hitherto; into His hands we must trust our boy.'

"I sit up, and shake away my tears.

"'It is no use,' I say. 'Why should I hope? There is no hope! I know it for a certainty! He is dead' (looking round at them both with a sort of calmness); 'he died on the night that I had that dream.—Mother, I told you so at the time. Oh, my Bobby! I knew that you could not leave me forever without coming to tell me!'

"And, so speaking, I fall into strong hysterics, and am carried up-stairs to bed. And so three or four more lagging days crawl by, and still we hear nothing, and remain in the same state of doubt and uncertainty, which to me, however, is hardly uncertainty; and convinced am I, in my own mind, that my fair-haired lover is away in the land whence never letter or messenger comes—that he has reached the Great Silence. So I sit at my frame, working my heart's agony into the tapestry, and feebly trying to say to God that He has done well, but I cannot. On the contrary, it seems to me, as my life trails on through the mellow mist of the autumn mornings, through the shortened autumn evenings, that, whoever has done it, it is most evilly done. One night we are sitting round the little crackling wood-fire that one does not yet need for warmth, but that gives a cheerfulness to the room and the furniture, when the butler Stephens enters, and, going over to father, whispers to him. I seem to understand in a moment what the purport of his whisper is.

"'Why does he whisper?' I cry, irritably. 'Why does not he speak out loud? Why should you try to keep it from me? I know that it is something about Bobby.'

"Father has already risen, and is walking toward the door.

"'I will not let you go until you tell me,' I cry, wildly, flying after him.

"'A sailor has come over from Plymouth,' he answers, hurriedly; 'he says he has news. My darling, I will not keep you in suspense a moment longer than I can help, and meanwhile pray—both of you pray for him!'

"I sit rigidly still, with my cold hand tightly clasped, during the moments that next elapse. Then father returns. His eyes are full of tears, and there is small need to ask for his message; it is most plainly written on his features—death, and not life.

"'You were right, Phoebe,' he says, bro-

kenly, taking hold of my icy hands; 'you knew best. He is gone! God has taken him!'

"My heart dies. I had thought that I had no hope, but I was wrong. 'I knew it!' I say, in a dry, stiff voice. 'Did not I tell you so? But you would not believe me—go on!—tell me how it was—do not think I cannot bear it—make haste!'

"And so he tells me all that there is now left for me to know—after what manner, and on what day, my darling took his leave of this pretty and cruel world. He had had his wish, as I already knew, and had set off blithely home in the last prize they had captured. Father had taken the precaution of having a larger proportion than usual of the Frenchmen ironed, and had also sent a greater number of Englishmen. But to what purpose? They were nearing port, sailing prosperously along on a smooth, blue sea, with a fair strong wind, thinking of no evil, when a great and terrible misfortune overtook them. Some of the Frenchmen who were not ironed got the sailors below and drugged their grog; ironed them, and freed their countrymen. Then one of the officers rushed on deck, and, holding a pistol to my Bobby's head, bade him surrender the vessel or die. Need I tell you which he chose? I think not—well' (with a sigh), 'and so they shot my boy—ah me! how many years ago—and threw him overboard! Yes—threw him overboard—it makes me angry and grieved even now to think of it—into the great and greedy sea, and the vessel escaped to France.'

There is a silence between us. I will own to you that I am crying, but the old lady's eyes are dry.

"Well," she says, after a pause, with a sort of triumph in her tone, "they never could say again that Bobby Gerard was afraid!"

"The tears were running down my father's cheeks as he told me," she resumes, presently, "but at the end he wiped them and said, 'It is well! He was as pleasant in God's sight as he was in ours, and so He has taken him.'

"And for me, I was glad that he had gone to God—none gladder. But you will wonder that, for myself, I was past speaking sorry. And so the years went by, and, as you know, I married Mr. Hamilton, and lived with him forty years, and was happy in the main, as happiness goes; and when he died I wept much and long, and so I did for each of my sons when in turn they went. But, looking back on all my long life, the event that I think stands out most clearly from it is my dream and my boy-lover's death-day. It was an odd dream, was not it?"

SOMETHING ABOUT NEW-YEAR'S CUSTOMS.

ALL civilized and semi-civilized races of mankind appear, as if by a natural instinct, to have adopted either ceremonials, rejoicings, or an interchange of social amenities, at the inauguration of a new year.

As the period of the demise of the old and birth of the new year is not arbitrary, but merely marks the completion of the earth's revolution around the sun from any one point

in its orbit back to the same point, or nearly so, the times of such so-called New-Years vary. Thus the Christian, the Jewish, the Mohammedan, and the Chinese anniversaries, occur at different times.

We have in the United States a sufficient number of the first two and of the last named, to have their respective annual celebrations brought prominently under our notice; and, speaking generally, these all make it a season of rejoicing and social reunion.

The Jewish New-Year, however, is attended by more strictly religious ceremonies, of longer duration than those of other sects, and includes on some days a partial cessation from business, and a total cessation on others. With the Israelites, visits of congratulation and compliment are secondary to the religious observances. It is unnecessary to comment upon the usual manner in which the new year is celebrated by the generality of the American people. They are too well known to the readers of the JOURNAL.

The Chinese, who are so numerous in the State of California, and whose noisy demonstrations involve so heavy an expenditure of gunpowder, are reputed to consider it an absolute necessity to pay all indebtedness on this occasion, and that those who are positively unable to discharge their liabilities shall be set free from them. This is the theory, but it would appear that association with outside barbarians has greatly tended to modify it in practice when abroad.

In their own native land the rule is carried out more rigidly, but such is the disgrace attendant upon New-Year insolvency that suicides among the impecunious at that time are said to be frequent, a species of high-mindedness that but ill accords with our generally-received notions of Chinese ethics.

Among the English, the festivities of New-Year's eve and day are of a very ancient date. In the feudal times, the head of the house presided at these merry makings over a huge bowl of spiced ale somewhat strangely named "lamb's-wool." Having first drunk to the health of those assembled, he passed it around to the others. As each took the bowl to drink, he pronounced the Saxon words "Wass hael," meaning your health, and from this sprang the name "wassail-bowl." Numerous songs were sung, one of which, of Gloucestershire origin, contains the following verses:

"Wassail, wassail, over the town,
Our bread is white, our ale is brown;
Our bowl is made of the maplin-tree—
We be good fellows all, I drink to thee.
Come butler, and bring us a bowl of the best,
I hope your soul in heaven may rest;
But if you do bring us a bowl of the small,
Then down shall fall butler, bowl, and all."

The poor people carried round on the last day of the year a bowl ornamented with ribbons, and begged for the wherewithal to get it filled, so that they, too, might enjoy the wassail.

At the monasteries, then so numerous in England, the abbot stood behind an enormous wassail-bowl, which was called, in their ecclesiastical language, "Poculum Caritatis," and, having drunk to all, the others drank in regular succession, the one to the other, until the wassail had gone the round of the tables.

A relic of this custom is still retained by the corporation of the city of London. A double-handed flagon of spiced wine is placed before the lady-mayor as she is present, or, in her absence, before the presiding officer, and she or he, standing up and holding the flagon in both hands, drinks to the health of the company, as called out by the toast-master. He then passes it to the person on his left hand, who, also standing, drinks to his left-hand neighbor, and so on in turn until all have partaken. The ceremony is known as that of the "Loving Cup."

The ringing out of the old year and ringing in of the new has, among some of the methodists, given place to singing in the New-Year, and in Yorkshire, England, is known as the "Watch-Night Service." The congregation having assembled, and the usual services having been performed so as to terminate shortly before midnight, a psalm is sung, after which perfect silence is maintained, each person being, or supposed to be, engaged in silent prayer until the hour of twelve strikes. At the first stroke of the clock all join in the Wesleyan hymn—

"Come, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,"

etc., etc.

The introduction of religious services in connection with the advent of the new year would appear to be again gaining ground—"improving the occasion," as it is termed by some, by urging on all a resolution to amend their ways and to reflect on the past:

"He that good thinketh good may do,
And God will help him therunto;
For never yet was good work wrought
Without beginning of good thought."

Episcopal clergymen, of some of the districts where other denominations are gaining ground, have adopted a "Watch-Night Service," probably from motives of policy, but the movement is not general with that body in England—most of the clergy of the Established Church being opposed to it, on the ground that the status of the Church demands that it should be the inaugurator of any additional observances, not the follower of such as may be introduced by other sects.

The celebration of New-Year's eve and day is much more marked in Scotland than in England, and its greater prominence may be in some sort attributed to there being no Christmas festival permissible by the Calvinistic régime. In this connection it may be observed that, to the same cause, operating upon the Puritan settlers of New England, may be traced the more notable celebration of the day in America.

Till within a very few years the drinking from the wassail-bowl, at the passing away of the old year, prevailed in Scotland. In that country, as in some others which shall be nameless, excesses are too much the order of the day; and, so general is the custom of indulging freely, on the plea that it comes but once a year, that, by mid-day, persons of standing and position even, may not unfrequently be seen in the streets of the larger cities, whose uncertain gait betrays the depth of their potations. Nor are these cases entirely confined to the stronger sex. The po-

lice have instructions, it is presumed, to be conveniently blind, so long as the peace is preserved, so that few arrests for intoxication are made.

The custom of "first-footing" is generally prevalent in the "Land o' Cakes." Parties, generally consisting of men only, with an abundant supply of whiskey, visit the houses of their friends, as soon after midnight as may be, to wish them the compliments of the season; and the person who first enters a house for that purpose is denominated "first-foot." The toast most in vogue is, "A gude New-Year to ye, and mony may ye see." Forty years ago a rule obtained in some sort, that all ladies found out-of-doors after twelve o'clock were liable to pay the forfeit of a kiss. As many parties were given on New-Year's-eve, of course numerous of the fair sex were out after that hour, and none would venture to take their departure except in carriages, and even these were stopped frequently by parties of young men, and the inmates compelled to submit to the inevitable New-Year salute. As the melancholy prince says, "It is a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance;" but young men of that day were of a different opinion. The writer remembers being one of a party which stopped the carriage of Sir Alexander Keith, of Ravelstone. As there were four horses, and as the postillions drove very rapidly, the feat was not accomplished without considerable risk, two of the undergraduates being thrown beneath the horses' feet. The carriage was stopped, however, and the old gentleman acknowledged the capture, and counselled the three ladies within to make no fuss about it, but quietly resign themselves to their fate. In this case, most of the young gentlemen were personally acquainted with the baronet's family. This habit admitted, however, of much abuse, and was the occasion of many serious broils, so that people began to set their faces against the custom, and it has, consequently, of late years fallen into disuse.

GORDON GREENLAW.

AN OPEN QUESTION.*

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE ICE," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.

CHAPTER LII.

CLARA MORDAUNT.

MRS. WYVERNE had gone out for the purpose of finding Clara, and went at once to the place which had been her last address. It was an ordinary house, which was occupied by some Sisters of Charity, among whom Clara had cast in her lot. She hoped to find her here yet; and, on asking for her, she found, to her great relief, that she was within.

Mrs. Wyverne's story to Blake had already shown that Clara was not dead, as Kane had supposed. To Kane the thought of her being actually alive was not admissible. The mem-

ory of that one great tragedy obscured all else, and he was incapable of seriously considering that theory which Blake had suggested, namely, that Clara had escaped as he himself had. But, to Mrs. Wyverne, the living Clara was the most familiar thought in the world; and, what to Kane was supernatural, to her was in the highest degree natural.

She was at once admitted, and in a few moments Clara herself made her appearance, and, with a cry of joy caught her in her arms, and kissed her again and again, uttering at the same time many exclamations of affection, of gratitude, and of delight. Mrs. Wyverne herself was moved by such emotion on the part of Clara, and was rejoiced to perceive these signs of a warm human sympathy and a tender loving nature in one who might have been expected to have grown indifferent to worldly ties.

Clara took her to her own chamber, informing her that in this house they were less strict in their regulations than in other places, and that various privileges were allowed of intimate association with friends or relatives. It was a plainly-furnished room, with a single window looking out upon the street. Here they were alone together, and could say what they wished without interruption.

Clara was dressed as a Sister of Charity and the simple costume served in her case to give an additional charm to her graceful figure, and to the beautiful and still youthful face. She had an extraordinary resemblance to Inez, having generally the same features and the same family peculiarity. But, with Clara, there was a deeper melancholy visible; in her eyes and in her face there were the manifest traces of long and severe suffering. Inez, after her escape from prison, and while just arising from a bed of sickness, thin and pale from suffering, had seemed to him the counterpart of his lost Clara; but the real Clara had in her face a sadness such as Inez had never shown, for her sufferings had been deeper, and more intense, and more prolonged.

At first the conversation was taken up with anxious inquiries about one another's health, and questions about what each had been doing since their last meeting. Clara professed to have lived her usual life, but Mrs. Wyverne was more frank; and, beginning with the recital of her own troubles, she at length went on by degrees to unfold all that series of events which had been going on, and with which Clara herself was so intimately connected. Mrs. Wyverne did this cautiously and gradually, and now for the first time Clara learned the full measure of her own rights, the extent of her wrongs, the sufferings of those near relatives of hers whom she had not seen since childhood, but whose names and fortunes now awakened an intense interest; and, finally, the machinations of Magrath, which had first been directed against herself, and of late had turned against her sister Inez. All this awakened deep emotion within her, but this was surpassed by the feelings that were aroused when Mrs. Wyverne brought forward the mention of Kane Ruthven. Kane Ruthven was the intimate friend of Mrs. Wyverne's son. That son,

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

just escaping from unparalleled dangers, was even now about to visit Kane Ruthven. This Kane Ruthven, also, her husband, had been subject to remorse for years on her account, and was still mourning over her as dead. All this came out, and Clara listened with intense emotion, pouring forth a torrent of eager questions, and, forgetting every thing else, evinced an insatiable longing to know every thing that Mrs. Wyverne could tell about him.

On former interviews Clara had been merely a despairing mourner, weary of the world, seeking solace only in the life which she had adopted, reticent about her past, shunning every allusion to it. Now, the revelations which Mrs. Wyverne brought her broke down all her reticence, and poured over her soul a flood of memories which overwhelmed her. It was not the fact that Kane Ruthven was alive, not the fact that he was living in Paris that impressed her, but rather the fact that he was suffering, and for her; that he was bearing this load of remorse, and enduring these stings of conscience, on her account; the fact that he so clung to his memories of her, that he was, even now, living a life which was arranged with reference to her, and that he was associating her in all his thoughts with the angels of heaven.

All her reserve broke down, and she was now eager to tell Mrs. Wyverne her own story, eager to ask Mrs. Wyverne's advice about what she ought to do. The story which she had to tell referred to that event already narrated to Blake by Kane, but, as it regarded it from her point of view, it may be repeated here.

She began by describing her earliest recollections, which were vague reminiscences of splendid homes in England and in Italy. There came the death of her mother and the loss of her father; then a home among strangers, ending with her departure to Paris, and her entrance into a boarding-school. Here she was allowed unusual liberties, became acquainted with various people, and at length fell in with Kane Ruthven, and consented to marry him.

"But oh! dear Mrs. Wyverne," she continued, "you may imagine what a child I was, what a poor little child, when I tell you that, in packing up my small valise to fly, I actually put in a doll—I was passionately fond of dolls—and a multitude of little scraps of silk, and odds and ends of colored ribbons. Oh, dear Mrs. Wyverne, I could cry over the remembrance of my utter childishness and innocence, if it were not that I have other memories that are too deep for tears.

"Well, we were married, and then we travelled everywhere. We went to Italy, and finally came back to Paris through Germany. We had been gone about three months, I think. Those three months were perfect happiness. Kane was passionately fond of me, and I was far happier than ever I had been in all my life. His love was perfect adoration. He seemed not to have one single thought that was not about me; and, as for myself, I idolized him.

"Well, we came back to Paris, and lived there for several months. We enjoyed life to the very uttermost. Day followed day,

and week followed week, and month followed month, so rapidly that I was amazed at the quick flight of time.

"Well, one day, there came a break in all this. I learned that my guardian had cast me off. I did not know any thing about my inheritance. I only thought it was a very, very cruel thing for him to do. He wrote Kane a terrible letter, and Kane felt cut to the heart, though he tried as hard as he could to hide from me how he felt it, but I could easily perceive it. I knew by that time every varying expression of his noble and lordly face, and every intonation of his voice so well, that any change was at once perceptible. However, he had great power over himself, and in a short time he succeeded in regaining his former flow of spirits.

"At last there came one memorable day. He had gone out early in the morning. He came back at about ten o'clock—we then breakfasted. I noticed a certain trouble in his face, which he was trying to hide by assumed gayety. I tried to quell my anxiety, but at length could restrain myself no longer, and I went over to him, and put my arms around him. He pressed me close to his heart in silence.

"Oh, my dear love!" I asked, "what is it?"

"Nothing," said he.

"I then implored him to tell me, but, instead of doing so, he gently withdrew himself, and went away, and sat down by a window in silence. At such apparent coldness as this, I was quite overcome. 'O Kane!' I cried, 'has it come to this!—has it come to this!' At this he started, and leaving his seat he came over to me, and stood looking at me with a mild, sweet, loving, and compassionate smile—looking like some protecting divinity; yet still, behind all this, I could not help seeing that lurking expression of trouble.

"Not love you!" he said—"love!" and then he gave a little laugh. "My darling!" he continued, in a tremulous voice, "I do not believe that there are any other men in the world just now who know what it is to love, as I know it."

"At this, I rose, and threw myself in his arms, and cried. Tears were in his eyes, too—and those tears made me cry all the more. But at last he regained his composure, and began to talk to me again. He then told me all—the whole truth. He informed me that, when we married, he had a certain amount of money—that his love was so great that he determined to make my life nothing but happiness. How well he had done that, I have told you. But, in doing this, he had spent every thing—and on that morning he was destitute. Besides this, he was in debt. Creditors were persecuting him—even the landlord joined with them, and had threatened to turn us out. We were to be turned out into the streets—or, rather, I was to be turned out alone, for he was in danger of arrest and imprisonment.

"Upon this, I was eager to know what he proposed to do, and in an anguish of fear I asked him if he was thinking of leaving me.

"Never, never! Leave you, darling?—never, never!" he cried, with wild impetuosity.

"Never—it all depends upon you—if you will come with me where I go."

"Oh!" I cried, "why do you talk so?—as if I wouldn't go all over the world with you."

"At this, he looked at me with so strange an expression that I actually felt frightened. For a long time he regarded me in silence—I was bewildered and terrified, and didn't know what to think.

"Over the world," he said, in a whisper, bending down lower, and still holding me in his arms—"over the world?—O my darling!—I know you would do that—but would you do more than that?"

"Do more than that?" I faltered.

"Would you—would you?" he said; and then he hesitated.

"Would I what?" I asked, breathlessly.

"He bent his head down lower yet, and whispered in my ear:

"Darling! would you go with me out of the world?"

"O dear Mrs. Wyverne! how can I tell you the unutterable horror that there was in that question? The whisper hissed itself through me; and every nerve and every fibre tingled and thrilled at its awful meaning. I felt paralyzed. I did not say one single word. He, on his part, went talking on in a strange, wild way, and was too intent on framing some argument for persuading me to notice the perfect agony of fear that this proposal had given me.—To die! Oh! to die! and I so young! and when I had been so happy! This was my only thought. Remember what a child I was. And to die! and so suddenly! Oh, horror of horrors! And worse, to administer death to myself! O dear, dear Mrs. Wyverne! how can I possibly tell you the utter anguish of such a thought?—Well, he went on speaking more, but I didn't hear a word, or, at least, I didn't understand, you know, for I was really quite stupefied. But I gathered, in a vague way, from what he said, that he had all along been looking forward to this, and that he had decided what to do. For himself, he was calm; but he felt uncertain about me, and had not dared to mention it before. He had gone out that morning to buy the drug that would furnish the deadly draught. This he showed me. The sight of it had the same effect on me which the sight of the gallows may have on the condemned criminal. But he was too much taken up with his own thoughts to notice my horror; and so he went on, working himself up into an eloquent rhapsody—in which he described the joys of the spiritual state, and of the world beyond the grave. But oh! his words fell only upon the dull, dead ears of a terrified and panic-stricken girl.

"At length he made a proposal that each should pour it out for the other, or I made it in my despair—I forget which. He himself was in a very peculiar mood by this time; he was at once so absorbed in the purpose over which he had brooded so long, and at the same time so taken up with his own thoughts, that I saw the utter uselessness of any thing like remonstrance. I only thought of evasion—not of resistance; so I caught at once at the plan of pouring out a draught for myself, and in this way I hoped to escape this terrible

fate which he was meditating for me. So I got up, and stammered something about getting the glasses. He smiled, and said nothing, but threw himself back in his chair. His face was turned from me. With a trembling hand I poured out some wine in a glass, and, taking this in one hand, I took two empty glasses in the other, and then went back very softly; stooping down, I put the glass of wine under the place where I had been sitting on the sofa. Then I handed him the empty glasses; he took them with an abstracted air and an enthusiastic smile. Then he made me sit down.

"Then he poured out the draught in each glass, and handed one to me. I took it—my hand trembling so that I could scarcely hold it, and looked at him as he sat there with his eyes turned toward me; but his eyes seemed fixed on vacancy, with that same excited and abstracted look which I have already mentioned.

"Now," said he, after some silence—"now—my own darling—we both hold in our hands the means of escape from the darkness of poverty and the sorrow of life! Come, let us both drink together, and so pass away. When I raise my glass, do you raise yours, and thus we shall drink together, and—die!"

"At this a fresh anguish of despair rushed through me. I was filled with horror, and in that last moment of agony a sudden thought came to me.

"What is the matter, my darling?" he asked, noticing my agitation.

"Oh, hark! oh, listen!" I cried. "There is some one at the door."

"He started, and rose and went to the door. The moment his back was turned, I hastily changed the glass of poison for that of wine which was under me. By the time that I had done this, he had come back.

"You are excited," he said. "There is no one there."

"With these words he resumed his seat. On his noble face I saw a glow of lofty enthusiasm, and, as he fastened his eyes on me, they glowed with unutterable tenderness. There was also the moisture of tears in his eyes, and there was a smile on his lips. He held his glass in his left hand, while his right hand took mine. I noticed at that awful moment how warm his hand was, and how steady. It was the warmth and steadiness of perfect coolness and perfect health; but my hand was as cold as ice, and clammy, and tremulous, for I was shuddering and shivering in excitement and fear. We sat in this way for a moment or two, and then he said:

"Now!"

"He raised the glass to his lips. I did the same. We both drank at the same time. Each of us drank, and oh, how different in each case! Then we put down the glasses, and still sat there in the same position. How long we sat I cannot tell, for my brain was in a whirl, and a dark horror was over me. I had escaped death, but I was losing him who was dearer than life. With my woman's love and yearning over him, there was a child's panic fear of death and its accompaniments. At length his grasp began to relax. He fell forward against me. I gave a shriek. I had a wild idea of spring for help, and a wilder

idea of flight; and so, with my mind almost in a state of delirium, I rushed from the room, and fled I hardly knew where.

"I remember getting lodgings, and writing to you, the only friend I had in all the world, and you came, and you nursed me, but I have never told you this till now."

Clara paused here for some time, and at length resumed:

"Well, dear, you know how I was. Thinking only of Kane's death, I gave myself up to despair. Life had lost all its value, and I only wished to find some occupation where I might also have the consolations of religion. This I found among those dear Sisters among whom I came to live and to work.

"Well, now, dear, I must mention a discovery that I made. It was about a year after this event. I was nursing at a hospital, and by the merest accident I heard of the case of a man who had been poisoned and sent here. The poison was too weak, or the amount was too small, and the work was not done. I was struck by this very forcibly, and on inquiry found out the date and the place. It was the date of our tragedy, and the place, too. They had not found out his name, but I knew that this patient could be no other than Kane. He had recovered! He had gone away! He had not died! He was alive! I cannot possibly convey to you, dear, the slightest idea of my feelings at such an astonishing discovery.

"After that I was in a constant state of watchfulness. I was on the lookout for him everywhere. Years passed, however, and I never saw him. At last I gave him up, and concluded that he had gone away, though, after all, I could not help indulging the hope of meeting him again. You have mentioned his strange fancies about me, dear. You now understand, and I can understand; we met by chance. He had come back here. The first time was at Notre-Dame, the next in the rail-cars, the next on the street. On each of those occasions I was as much affected as he was. The first meeting showed me that he was alive, though I knew not where to find him. This thought filled my mind to the exclusion of every thing else. The second meeting only confirmed this thought, and made me think also that he knew of my escape from the fate that he had prepared for me.

"But oh! I cannot tell you what I suffered. I had grown reconciled to this life. The discovery that he was alive destroyed all my peace of mind. It brought back all my past. Above all, I was filled with shame at the thought of the deceit of which I had been guilty. I had saved my life by a cowardly trick. He had gone, in good faith, to death, as he supposed; and had thought that I loved him well enough to go with him. But I did not. I was a coward, and in my terror I had deceived him. I dared not meet him. I was terrified at the sight of him, even though I longed to tell him all. One evening I saw him seated in the street in front of a café, and I caught his look. It seemed to me that he was regarding me with a stern, reproachful glance. I almost fainted in utter anguish; but I managed to reach my home. At another time I saw him at a distance. I followed him, with a vague idea of accosting

him. I followed him to the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, and watched him for hours. I saw him kneeling before a tomb. I wondered very much, and looked at him for a long time from a hiding-place. At last I ventured forth a little, and he looked up and saw me. I shrank back again, and was so terrified that I remained there all night long. This explains to you all about our meetings, which he, poor fellow! thought were supernatural; and you see, too, dear, and you can understand, the reason why I was too frightened to make myself known to him.

"But oh! if it had not been for my own sense of dishonor—if it had not been for the feeling which I had that I had deceived him, and that he would never forgive it, how gladly I would have told him all! But I dared not. I was afraid. I knew so well his lofty nature, and remembered so well his proud confidence in me. And now, even now, O dear Mrs. Wyverne!—even now—how can I even now let him know? Will he not utterly despise me? He feels remorse now for an imaginary crime, and I long to save him from this; but how can I, when to do so will only change his feelings from remorse to contempt? Oh, how I wish that I knew what to do!"

Mrs. Wyverne wondered very much at Clara's language, not so much, indeed, at the feelings which she expressed about what she called her cowardice as at the evident longings which she possessed after a husband from whom her vows must have separated her. Nor, indeed, could she help mentioning this.

"Ah, Mrs. Wyverne," said Clara, "there is something yet to be told. I am not altogether a Sister. I found out that he had not died in less than a year after I had joined them, and this always influenced my position here. For a married woman cannot become a Sister without the formal consent of her husband, and in my case this was out of the question. Besides, my case was so very peculiar, you know. I entered the house with the full intention of becoming a Sister, for I thought he was dead, but the discovery that he was not prevented my taking the vows. But the Sisters knew that I had come with the intention of doing so, under the impression that I was a widow. They knew my circumstances, they all pitied me, and so they have made allowances for me, and permitted me to remain."

This information set Mrs. Wyverne thinking.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CURIOSITIES OF DIET.

WHY the Levitical law, made in regard to food for a particular climate and peculiar people, should have become a rule in other lands and to different races, it is not easy to say. Even the Jews, out of Palestine, do not consider it obligatory in all its requirements; and yet it has been virtually adopted by Christian nations in every age, and all over the world—at least, so far as its general directions are concerned. When Gregory III., who was Pope of Rome in the first half of the eighth century, heard that Germans used

horse-flesh for food, he wrote to Boniface: "By no means allow this to be done; but restrain the people, and bring them to a becoming repentance, for it is an unclean thing, and against the law of God." And yet the fibrine, gelatine, and fat of horse-flesh make it as nutritious and assimilative for human food as beef, mutton, and venison. Indeed, it is far less refractory to the gastric juices than pork, to the use of which, despite the commands of the great Hebrew lawgiver, the pope had no objection. Indeed, it is now as well established as any other fact in dietetics, that hippophagy is as natural and healthful to mankind dwelling in the temperate and frigid zones as the eating of beees or deer.

During the siege of Paris, two years ago, some surprise was excited by the gradual disappearance of apes, baboons, and monkeys, from the *Jardin des Plantes*. This collection consisted of nearly eight hundred individuals, of all ages, and in the very best conditions. A considerable number were young, not weaned from their mothers, and, as they constituted a proof of the superiority of the plan M. Gasparin had adopted for domesticating *simias* over that pursued at the London Zoological Gardens, these baby-monkeys were highly prized. The loss that was taking place, attributed at first to an insufficient supply of food, increased so greatly that an investigation was finally set on foot, when it was discovered that the under-keepers were every day strangling a few of the tenderest and fattest of the creatures, and taking them to their homes for food. Now, according to the Darwinian theory, the eating of monkeys would seem a near approach to cannibalism, yet the account given of the food by these men was greatly in its favor. Nor is this our only evidence of the *haut goût* of the flesh of a tender monkey. Bates, in his "Naturalist on the Amazon," describes the meat of a roasted ape as the best flavored he had ever tasted. It had the tenderness and game-taste of the English hare, and was richer and sweeter than South-Down mutton.

There were many experiments made upon uncommon food in the *Jardin des Plantes* during the painful experience of the siege. Of course, it is generally known that, at last, when the stores of food laid up for the animals became exhausted, it was necessary to slaughter the herbivorous animals in order to obtain food for the carnivorous. Three elephants were killed to feed the lions, tigers, and their like. It did no good in the end, for the animals, save the snakes, all finally disappeared; but it furnished some facts, in regard to different meats as nutriment for mankind, not known before. For example, elephant-steaks were cooked, but not relished. The meat was coarse, dry, and tough, and had no flavor. The hearts, however, when sliced and broiled, were sweet and tender; and the hoofs, baked in a large hole between bricks, were very glutinous, and tasted like English brawn.

All the *cervi*, such as stags, fallow-deer, roe-buck, and reindeer—all the *capri*, such as goats, chamois, gazelles, and antelopes—all the birds, whether land or aquatic, tasted, when prepared for the table, as it was expected they would taste. But it was a new

thing in the great city of Paris, where the culinary art reaches its highest perfection, to have the opportunity of tasting the flesh of leopards and white bears, lions and zebras, hyenas and dogs, hippopotami and wild-cats, cooked with the best Parisian sauces. There were no new facts of any importance arrived at, however. Dogs have always furnished nutritious and savory meat to those who could conquer their prejudices. The flesh of feline animals, contrary to common belief, is of good flavor, and tender. All the pachydermatous animals, being graminivorous, give a meat not unlike beef. But this was learned at least—that all animal food that was prepared for the table was in greater or less degree palatable, digestible, and assimilable. There was none that was offensive, none that was poisonous.

Malabar coolies fry rats in oil, or convert them into curry, and find the dish a delicacy. Rat-pies are still made in Yorkshire; and it is not half a century since rat-suppers used to be periodically given at an inn near Nottingham. Baked rats and roasted puppies are the most favorite dishes all over Polynesia. A Danish captain of a merchant-vessel some years ago—a man who had acquired the taste for roasted dog—gave a dinner on board, while his ship was in the Thames, to a select party of guests. There was no meat cooked but dog-meat, and this in a variety of ways. No one suspected the truth, and the dishes were pronounced excellent. After dinner, he sent for the skin of the animal, which was no other than that of a large black dog. Captain McClintock, who tells this story in his "Travels," adds, "that, dining once with a wealthy native merchant, at Otateite, an apology was made because, owing to the scarcity of puppies, a pig had to be substituted."

General Moulton, who settled with a large colony that portion of New Hampshire which lies between Lake Winnipiseogee and the Ossipee Mountains, and who gave name to the township of Moultonborough, introduced the habit there, not yet quite abandoned, of eating snake-flesh. This was by no means confined to the harmless *ophidia* of that region—the black, green, striped, and spotted varieties—but that most venomous of reptiles, the rattlesnake, was sought after for the delicacy of his meat. During my boyhood, I frequently visited families where it was no more unusual to skin and cook a black snake than an eel; and, though I never tasted of either, I have no doubt that the former is as palatable and nutritious as the latter.

There is another description of food, even more revolting to European races, which furnishes a luxurious repast in other parts of the world. I refer to grasshoppers, locusts, butterflies, ants, spiders, and centipedes. The ancient Greeks, no ravenous feeders, stripped the wings from the first named, and, compounding them into a *ragout*, considered the dish luxurious. Humboldt describes the delicacy of a cooked centipede, "eighteen inches long," to a hungry traveller; and Lalande, the astronomer, who used to prepare spiders and caterpillars as relishes for more solid food, tells us that the former possess the keen flavor of a green pepper, and the latter of almonds. Although termites and ants are

undoubtedly a nourishing food, they appear to have been employed only in Hottentot gastronomy, unless an exception be made of the white female ant of India, which, according to Broughton, in "Letters written from a Mahratta Camp," now fifty years and more ago, were carefully collected for the eating of Surjee Rao, prime-minister of Scind, who was an invalid. But locusts, on the contrary, have been eaten by Arabs and Moors, East Indians and Chinese, from remote antiquity. Mixed with dough, they are made into cakes; salted and dried, they are pressed into forms; collected in sacks, steamed and roasted to a crisp, and then exposed to the sun, they are stored in granaries; and, ground into meal, they furnish material for porridge and soups. Dr. Livingstone, for the lack of other food compelled to eat them, tells us in his "South African Travels" that, when roasted, he preferred them to shrimps.

The partiality for raw in preference to, cooked meat, which prevails among various tribes of people, is certainly not unnatural. Primitive man made neither soups nor stews. Cooking came in with clothing. Each was the product of civilization. But, whether raw flesh and fish are as nutritious and palatable as cooked, is a moot point. Ernan, in his "Travels in Siberia," makes this remark: "Later experience taught us how much the influence of the cold tends to favor the adoption of raw animal food—so much so, that it hardly requires the addition of salt; in fact, during the intense frost, the raw flesh loses its repulsive qualities." Wrangell adds his testimony to the superior flavor of raw frozen fish, seasoned with pepper and salt. Captain Hall, in his "Life with the Esquimaux," expresses his opinion on the subject of raw food in so clear and forcible a manner that the whole paragraph is worth transcribing:

"My own opinion," he writes, "is, that the Esquimaux practice of eating their food raw is a good one. To one educated otherwise, as we whites are, the practice of eating uncooked meats is highly repulsive, but, when I saw the natives actually feasting on the raw flesh of a whale, I thought to myself, 'Why cannot I do the same?' and the response to my question came rushing through my brain, 'Because of education.' As I stood upon the rocky shore observing the natives at their repast, I made up my mind to join the feast. Reaching out my hand, an old woman gave me a generous slice of whale-gum. It cut like old cheese, its appearance was like coconut, and the taste was similar to unripe chestnuts."

Captain Parry's experience was even more favorable. He found the Esquimaux making a meal of smoking-hot seal-blood, and, upon tasting, found it to be excellent. The practice was for all present to stand in a circle around the bleeding animal, and each person to take a drink from a bowl, and then pass it to his neighbor.

But fondness for certain kinds of uncooked food is not confined to savage races. In the matter of gastronomy no people are as perfect as the Chinese, and their dishes, whenever they have been introduced into Europe, have become favorites. The middle and upper classes of Russia are famous judges of the culinary art, and their *entrées* and *ra-*

golds are not surpassed in Paris. All over Germany there is coarser feeding, it is true, but yet no one would think of denying the excellence of an Austrian or Prussian *cuisine*, whether in private families or at *table d'hôte*. Now, these three nations possess national dishes of raw food, which are not only used as delicacies, but which, some of them certainly, appear constantly on the table. Raw ham in Hanover, Brunswick, and other parts of Germany, makes a principal part of the dinner of the ploughman and the lunch of the school-boy. Raw turbot, thinly sliced, and eaten with vinegar, invariably precedes soup on dinner-tables in Vienna. A species of salmon, unknown in Europe and America, called *Nelma*, and which is noted for its hard flesh and delicious flavor, always appears uncooked upon aristocratic tables in St. Petersburg.

That mutton and beef, when uncooked, are more nutritious, easier digested, and quicker assimilated in the system, there is no longer any doubt. Not only at Baden-Baden, Wiesbaden, Homburg, and other watering-places in Germany, is raw venison recommended by physicians to convalescents as the most strengthening diet, but even in St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London raw mutton has been substituted for cooked in certain cases, to the manifest improvement of the patients.

N. S. DODGE.

SOME MEMBERS OF THE QUARTZ FAMILY.

DOWN among the old rocks we often find a substance near akin to common sand, but of such a different appearance that no one but a chemist would suspect a relationship between the two. The sand that we see blown about on the surface of the earth is generally a very dirty-looking sort of thing, while the sand-crystals down below are as clean and transparent as glass; and then the pieces are large—they are sand-rocks and stones, instead of dust. These rocks vary in their appearance, but are classified in a general way as *quartz*.

Quartz is found all over the globe, sometimes near the surface, having probably been cast up during convulsions of the earth from its primeval beds in the lower strata. It occurs massive in concretions, in confused crystalline masses, and in regular crystals, the primitive form of which is a six-sided prism, terminated by a pyramid at either end. Its composition is essentially pure silica, or

Silicon.....	48.04.
Oxygen.....	51.96.

We propose noticing only the more beautiful varieties of this substance—such as are ranked as *gems*—beginning with

ROCK-CRYSTAL,

which is translucent or transparent, vitreous in lustre, and limpid, or white, brown, black, or yellow in color. The transparent kind was much used by the ancients for articles of ornament before the art of glass-making had reached perfection. It is still employed, to a limited extent, in the same way. Tasteful rings, pins, and other articles of jewelry, may

be found set with diamond-like pieces of rock-crystal. Much use of it is also made by the opticians, whose "pebble-glasses" are found in every well-assorted stock of spectacles.

The "smoky topaz," or true Scotch pebble, is also a favorite gem. It is found in fine specimens in the mountains of Cairngorm, or, as sometimes spelled, Cairngauram, from which it is often called Cairngorm stone.

The clearest rock-crystal comes from the island of Madagascar, in blocks weighing from fifty to one hundred pounds. The commoner kinds occur in much larger masses. A good piece, quite clear, is worth in the rough from one to ten dollars per pound; when cut, single stones, of the sizes ordinarily used in jewelry, rate at about the same figures.

Medieval superstition made the rock-crystal a highly-esteemed mineral, for it was believed that it would become obscured or break in pieces by the contact of poison; as a consequence, drinking-cups and goblets were made of it, and these were frequently ornamented in the most elegant style. It is said that Nero possessed two magnificent cups of crystal, engraved with subjects from the "Iliad." They were of great value, but at his downfall he determined that no one else should enjoy them after him, and so destroyed them.

Bells of crystal were made use of in magical manipulations, and were supposed to disclose future events, and to show persons who were at a distance.

Crystal may be colored by heating it to redness, and then plunging it into a liquid containing the desired coloring-matter in solution. The sudden change of temperature causes cracks or fissures all over its surface, which, while invisible to the naked eye, are yet sufficiently large to contain enough of the pigment to give the crystal the appearance of an entirely colored mass.

The crown-treasures of France, as valued at the Revolution of 1791, contained a large number of vases, urns, etc., of crystal, valued at that time at more than one million francs.

ROSE-QUARTZ,

as its name indicates, is of a rose-red color; and is semi-transparent or translucent on the edges. It has the great fault of fading from long exposure to the light, on account of which it is but little esteemed.

AVENTURINE

is a red or brown quartz, penetrated with gold or brass-colored fissures or spots. The paste known as *gold-stone* is an imitation of aventurine, and superior to it in every respect except hardness. This paste is made by mixing brass in impalpable powder with melted *strass*, the fine colorless glass which is the basis of most of the artificial gems. It is said that the name *aventurine* arose from the fact of a workman in a glass-factory at Venice letting fall some brass-filings by accident (*per aventura*), into a pot of melted glass, the product being a paste similar in appearance to the gold-spangled quartz, which, strangely enough, now takes name from its imitation.

There is also a green variety of aventurine.

THE CHRYSOPRASE,

now almost out of use as a gem, never occurs crystallized, but in masses or thick

layers. Its color is a dull apple-green, grass-green, olive-green or whitish-green; lustre, resinous; composition,

Silica.....	96.16
Oxide of nickel.....	1.00
Lime.....	83

Like rose-quartz, it lacks stability; heat and sunlight cause it to fade or render it dark and cloudy.

THE ONYX AND SARDONYX.

The onyx is similar in appearance to agate (which will be spoken of farther on), but is distinguished by the position of its stripes or layers. It is opaque, and generally of a blackish or brownish color, striped with white. Like the quartz family in general, this member is found scattered in widely-different quarters of the globe. The finest specimens are said to be brought from India, where, from their appearance, they are likened to the eye of the lynx.

The sardonyx is of a reddish-brown color. Its name is compounded from *sard* and *onyx*, which were formerly thought to be two different stones, but *sard* is merely an epithet for a certain color of onyx. This kind, united in layers with the usual shades of the stone, makes the *sardonyx*, which is simply an onyx differing in color from the ordinary varieties.

The onyx has been employed for ages in the production of cameos—relief-engravings in which the different layers of color are made to do service in producing the effects of light, shade, and tint, in the picture. Cameo-engraving attained great perfection with the ancients, and many beautiful specimens are still extant in the great museums of the world.

In the inventory of valuables belonging to the crown of France in 1791, a sardonyx, engraved with the head of Medusa, is mentioned, which was valued at no less than twelve thousand francs.

THE CARNELIAN,

like the sard, is merely a variety of onyx; a bright-colored or reddish one. It is semi-translucent, and takes a good polish. Its imitation is often seen in the form of finger-rings. The carnelian is a very pretty stone, and was especially esteemed for seals when they were in fashion, as it readily separates from heated wax, and so secures beauty of impression from any devices with which it may be engraved.

AGATE

is better known at this day than any variety of quartz yet mentioned. It is again subdivided into several kinds, as fortification-agate, when the lines with which it is marked are zigzag, bearing a fancied resemblance to the outlines of a fortress; ribbon-agate, when they are straight; and moss-agate, when it contains apparent remains of vegetable matter. The latter is the most esteemed of the three, showing, in a somewhat translucent grayish-white body, delicate brown-black tracings that suggest leaves and mosses or even trees in miniature. Such agates are much used as ring-stones, and find many admirers.

Quartz takes still other forms, as jasper, prase, cat's-eye, heliotrope, etc., which rank as gems or decorative stones, none of which, however, possess any great interest. We will give place to but one more—the finest of the quartz series—

THE AMETHYST.

This is a really beautiful stone, and was once held next the sapphire in rank. Large quantities of it having been subsequently discovered, it became "common" and went out of fashion, but there has recently been quite a revival in the taste for amethysts, and they are now a desirable item in the stock of every jeweller.

The best amethysts are perfectly transparent, possess considerable lustre, and are of a rich violet or red-purple color. They vary greatly in tint, being sometimes almost white, and their value decreases in proportion to their want of color. They are cut in various ways—"brilliant" shape, after the fashion of the diamond, being, with a slight alteration from the usual model, perhaps the best. They are set, when well colored, without any backing; pale stones are helped by a bed of tinted foil. Pearls lend beauty to the amethyst, and the two are often set in contrast with happy effects.

Considering its beauty, the amethyst is remarkably cheap. A small ring-stone may be had for a few dollars, and ordinary grades sell on an average for three or four dollars an ounce.

The Oriental amethyst, occasionally met with, is quite a different stone from the one just described, being really a purple sapphire, a variety of precious corundum. It is much harder, consequently more brilliant, and is of vastly greater value than the purple quartz.

Under the generic name of amethyst, the ancients described several precious stones of a purple color, one of which is thought to have been what we now know under the same appellation.

This name is derived from some Greek words signifying "not to intoxicate," the derivation being accounted for by the following mythological conceit:

Bacchus, having become enamoured of a beautiful nymph, the latter appealed to Diana to aid her in rejecting a love she despised. The goddess answered the petition of the nymph by transforming her into a precious gem. Bacchus, defeated in his suit, yet remembered his love, and gave to the gem the color of the purple wine of which he had taught mortals the taste, adding to it the magical power of preserving those who might wear it from the inebriating effects of the deceitful draught.

Thus it came to be believed that the possessor of an amethyst was secure against drunkenness, and that wine taken from an amethyst cup yielded only pleasure, leaving all its harmful powers with the magic stone.

JOHN H. SNIVELY.

A FATED FAMILY.

A CASE to which the London press has given far greater prominence than it seems to merit has just been before a police-magistrate in that city.

This was a summons for libel brought by the wife—so, at least, she is described—of Sir Capel Judkin-Fitzgerald, Bart., against a shopkeeper in what is known as the Burlington Arcade.

It appeared that, in consequence of a misunderstanding about the price of a purchase,

Lady Fitzgerald unwittingly gave dire offence to the shopwoman who served her, and this person revenged herself by a libellous postcard, which brought on the legal proceedings. It may be observed that the Burlington Arcade, a favorite haunt of fast young men and women, whose practice it is, between five and seven in the afternoon, to "do the Burl," as it is called—i. e., strut up and down in their finest plumage—is not usually the best place for a prudent young married lady to shop, and the account is surrounded by circumstances which leave an impression that there is more in the business than has come to light. The matter would not be worth notice here, but for the connection with it of the name of Judkin-Fitzgerald.

If there be such things as doomed races, this family would certainly seem to come under the denomination, for some untoward event has been ever befalling it since its head wrote "Sir" before and "Baronet" after his name.

About the middle of the last century Mr. Robert Uniacke, a younger son of an Irish member of Parliament of good family, assumed, in compliance with the will of his great-uncle, Mr. Fitzgerald, the latter name, and his second son, in turn, assumed the name of Judkin, in addition to his own, by the will of his maternal uncle, it being a very common custom in the United Kingdom for the second son to inherit real property coming to the family through his mother. This Mr. Judkin-Fitzgerald was one of those demons in human form who, it may be hoped for humanity's sake, are rarely brought into the world, and unhappily he flourished at a time, in a country, and under circumstances preëminently adapted to develop his diabolical disposition.

It was an Irishman—for, "Set an Irishman to roast an Irishman," says the proverb—Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, who once wrote to the gentlemen of Tipperary, "Let the whipping be in earnest." Sir Thomas Fitzgerald, no doubt, would have replied, "Never fear, so far as I am concerned." He became the terror of Tipperary and the adjoining counties. His brutality knew no bounds. In him Jeffreys would have found a congenial coadjutor at the bloody assizes after Sedgemoor.

One horrible instance of his crimes stands out more prominently than the rest. This was the punishment he inflicted upon a perfectly innocent man, one Bernard Wright, a cultivated gentleman, to whom, without the faintest shadow of a pretence, he administered one hundred and fifty lashes. The report of a suit which Wright subsequently brought against him certainly reveals a horrible picture of the tyranny under which Ireland groaned at that time, and which occasioned to Lord Cornwallis, the viceroy, that deep disgust at the conduct of the dominant Protestant gentry which he so forcibly expressed in his letters.

One witness deposed that the defendant had flogged some laborers on account of the kind of waistcoats they wore. He had known him knock down an old man in the street for not taking off his hat to him, and he saw a lad of sixteen leap into a river to escape a second flogging from him. The

gallant Fitzgerald, known as "the Flogger," in an animated speech defended flogging generally, and his own whippings in particular. There was nothing like it, he told the court, for the discovery of treasonable secrets. Why, it was not until he had flogged a man well that he had discovered from him that Wright was a secretary of the United Irishmen, a fact which it was subsequently proved beyond a doubt that he was not. The jury gave damages for five hundred pounds.

Other proceedings against this wretch would have been taken, but the British Parliament, acting on the representations made by the landlords of Tipperary as to Fitzgerald's energy and activity in the king's cause, passed an act of indemnity for all his offences, and this ruffian was further, in 1801, created a baronet.

But his house has never prospered. Misfortune and disaster have continuously attended it; and the superstitious peasantry of Tipperary, execrating the memory of the first baronet, see in each successive calamity fresh proof of vengeance from Above. The second baronet was drowned in the Cork packet. One of his sons hung himself from a nail stuck in a wall to which he attached a cord; and the story was told round many a hearth of how this ingenious youth had, with the native ferocity of his family, been showing his little brother and sister the way their grandfather disposed of rebels. The late baronet, son of the second, was also drowned, with the difference that with him drowning was voluntary. This happened in April, 1864. Seriously embarrassed, he had been to Dublin to try and "raise the wind," but in vain. He came home apparently entirely in his right mind—having, according to the evidence, driven from the station with especial care. After taking some tea, he sauntered out. When it grew very late, and he failed to return, an alarm was given, search made, and his body found in water at a little distance. A letter to a friend explained the circumstances. An inquest was held, and a verdict of temporary insanity brought in.

And now followed circumstances proving that sixty-four years had not effaced the hideous record of his grandfather's deeds in the eyes of Tipperary.

When the people learned the verdict, they were furiously indignant. If ever there was a case of *felo-de-se*, this was it, they averred, and they resolved that the corpse should not receive burial in consecrated ground. When the small funeral cortege appeared in the graveyard, the clergy found it impossible to proceed with the ceremony. The area was occupied by an excited crowd, and the corpse had to be borne back to the mansion, whence it was again taken to the cemetery some days later, and interred in the presence of a large force of constabulary.

The present baronet, who looks a mere boy, is stated in "Burke's Peerage," a very accurate authority where Irish matters are concerned, to have been born in August, 1853. The age, therefore, of the husband of the lady who has been libelled is nineteen years and four months! Marriage at such an age is almost unknown among the upper classes in England.

R. LEWIS.



A LIFE-AYEAR!
 WHAT ARE THEY?
 The telling of a tale,
 The passing of
 a Meteor,
A BUBBLE
 seen for a moment
 on Times horizon
 dropping into
 ETERNITY.—

TIME'S BUBBLES.

A NEW-YEAR MONODY.

HOW they gleam, the golden years,
On the ardent eye of Youth!
In his ravished soul he hears
All the music of the spheres,
And to-morrow, then, is truth.
"These to-morrows all are mine!"
O divine
Years of youth! In his dream
How they gleam!

How they flee, the rushing years,
Past the halting path of Age!
Sounds are in his startled ears
As of clashing swords and spears
That a desperate combat wage
In a flight more desperate still.
"Will, oh, will
None be stayed!" None! Ah, me!
How they flee!

How they go, the vanished years,
Down the ebbing tide of Time!
Bearing freight of hopes and fears
O'er a current swoll'n by tears
Onward to the sea sublime—
To the ocean of the Past,
Where at last
Shall be rest? Ay! No!
How they go!

Let them gleam, and flee, and go,
Each with its appointed train,
Shining, sombre, swift, and slow!
In your heart of hearts ye know
All those years of earth are vain
Shadows of the life to be,
Sorrow free.
Use them as God wills, and so,
Let them go!

C. D. GARDETTE.

A NIGHT IN AN UNDERGROUND LODGING-HOUSE.

AS the story-writing poets of the period would say: The night was drawing on apace, the booming of a distant church-bell had long since proclaimed that the hour of nine was passed, when a solitary wayfarer paused for a moment on the corner of Water and Roosevelt Streets, and peered wistfully around. Shouts of drunken laughter and ribaldry came from the flaring den at his elbow, but he appeared to be so absorbed in his own thoughts that they did not attract even his momentary attention. Even the squeaking fiddles and jingling harps of the neighboring sailors' dance-houses were apparently unheeded by him. Otherwise, all was quiet in that generally noisy and dissolute locality; for the piercing cold snap and driving snow had driven all its rum-soddened and unsavory denizens into their cellars and rum-holes long before their customary hour of retiring. As he stood in the glare of the flickering gas-light, his appearance denoted the greatest poverty. A tattered, threadbare overcoat, equally threadbare trousers, an old woollen comforter wound several times round his throat, and a pair of bulging boots, afforded him little protection against the inclement weather and sloppy pavement, and

he shivered like one suffering from the palsy. And, when the light from the gas-lamps fell full upon his face as he looked up to read the name of the street, his uncombed hair and beard, of many days' growth, gave a ghastly look to his cold, pinched features. With a sigh, which told how little he relished his prospects for the night, he wiped the melting snow from his face with a handkerchief, and then, crossing the street, he inquired of a passing officer where he could obtain a lodging for the night. "It must be a very cheap one, if you please," he added. The officer scanned him narrowly for a moment or two, saw that he was a stranger, and asked him how much money he had. "Only twenty cents," was the sorrowful reply.

"Well," rejoined the officer, "you can get a bed at Casey's—336 Water Street—for fifteen cents, and you'll be out of the streets such a night as this, if it ain't a first-class one."

And then, pointing to a light which gleamed faintly through the cracks of a cellar-door a little way down on the opposite side of the street, he said:

"Go down there; that's Casey's."

The wayfarer thanked him for his kindness, bade him "good-night," and, having groped his way down six or seven stone steps, knocked nervously at the door. Had the officer been at his side when he wiped the snow from his face while standing under the gas-lamp, his keen eye would have noted the fact that the material of the handkerchief was white cambric; it might possibly also have detected the initials A. P. imprinted in large, black German letters in one corner. The presence of that handkerchief was an oversight.

Yes, reader, as the children say, in answer to the parental inquiry of "Who's there?" when they knock at the parental bedroom door at seven o'clock in the morning, it was only me.

I knocked nervously at the door, I say, and for this reason I was fully conscious of being a first-class fraud, and I was also aware that many of the dwellers in Water Street were familiar with my ordinary personal appearance; consequently the effectiveness or otherwise of my disguise caused me some little uneasiness, as I felt that all eyes would surely scrutinize the last corner the moment he put his foot inside the door. But I had seen and heard so much of these underground lodging-houses, that I had determined, at all hazards, to test the fulness of their horrors and discomforts. My summons at once stopped the confusion of tongues inside; the door was unlocked, and a dirty, slipshod woman, who with one hand held an infant at her breast, and with the other a badly-fractured kerosene-lamp over her head to get a good look at me, demanded to know what I wanted.

"Can I have a bed here to-night?" I asked, as I entered.

"All full," was the terse reply; "but you can have a stool by the stove, if that'll do ye."

A glance at the stools—low wooden ones, without backs—was by no means reassuring, and I was on the point of turning to go out,

when Mr. Daniel Casey, *in propria persona*, emerged from an inner room.

Mr. Casey is a slightly-built little man, with a quick, watchful eye; a mouth displaying determination, and yet of quiet demeanor, whose only facial adornment is a small goatee, that an orthodox corner-loafer of twenty years of age would be ashamed of. But, as his neighbors say: "Casey is mighty smart. He knows who's who and what's what; and there's no man" (*sotto voce*, "when he's sober!") "knows better how to keep house and order than Casey does." Mr. Casey understands the art and fully appreciates the advantages of making money. And he makes it; though in the city directory he most modestly styles himself "laborer." Well, there is nothing like taking the advice of old Polonius to Laertes, and assuming a virtue if you have it not.

"What's that?" inquired Mr. Casey, sharply, and with an eye to business. His better half jerked out: "Man wants bed. We're full." "Oh, I guess we can fix him," rejoined Mr. Casey; "he can have half Nigger Joe's bed." "Heavens alive!" thought I; "that's more than I bargained for. Sleeping with a colored man is more than I am prepared to endure, even in the pursuit of knowledge. I must look elsewhere for a lodging." But, before these thoughts had fairly flashed through my brain, Mr. Casey had added, "You'll share your bed, Joe, I know, on a night like this, with a decent man?" I followed the direction of Mr. Casey's glance and question, and a small, active-looking young man, with jet-black eyes and hair, who was sitting by the stove, said, carelessly: "Oh, I don't object." My alarm subsided in a moment. Nigger Joe was no negro at all. His *sobriquet* only applied to the unusual blackness of the color of his hair and eyes. Had I known then what I have since learned—that Nigger Joe was implicated in the terrible "Alley-way" murder, and was only discharged for want of some links in the evidence against him—I think I should have preferred to him the dirtiest colored man for a bed-fellow. My sleeping-place having been arranged to the satisfaction of all interested in the matter, I seated myself on a three-legged stool which Mr. Casey placed near the stove for me, and quietly proceeded to make a survey of the premises and my companions for the night.

I was in a room about thirteen or fourteen feet square, with a ceiling so low that I could not stand upright without rubbing my head against it. On the left side was a small bar, with a collection of cracked tumblers, two or three dirty liquor-bottles, and a water-pitcher, *minus* its handle and lip. Beyond the bar was the bedstead of the Casey family; said family consisting of Daniel Casey, Esq., and wife, the infant hereinbefore mentioned, and two sons of Mrs. Casey by a former husband, who appeared to be about ten and twelve years of age respectively. How they all manage to sleep in it, this deponent knoweth not. On the other side of the room was another bed. Opening from this room were two other chambers *en suite*, smaller, and filled with beds. My "crib," as Mrs. Casey called it, was in the middle room. There were no

doors, and of this I was very glad at first, but sorry afterward; for the sewer-pipe of the floors above burst, and the sewerage poured into the back room in the middle of the night. The beds and coverings were the dirtiest, and the bedsteads the most tumble-down, I have ever seen. And Mrs. Casey had the lying hardihood to tell me that there were "no such nice, clean beds in the ward." Beyond beds I could see no article of furniture. Many of the men did not undress when they went to bed. Those who did, and the women too, all hung their clothes on nails driven into the wall immediately over their heads.

But to return to the front-room—the parlor of the Casey mansion. In addition to the Casey family, there were fifteen other human beings who proposed to pass the night in that underground cellar, besides myself. Some of the men and women stood at the bar tripping Mr. Casey's best Bourbon whiskey and Jamaica rum at *five cents a tumbler!* Others were seated around the stove, others on the floor with their backs against the wall, and a respectable-looking man, his wife, and a little girl, sat on the bed near the entrance-door, having hired it for the night for the extortionate charge of forty cents. All men and women, who were not smoking, were chewing. Immediately in front of the stove sat four men: one cooking a red herring for his supper; one waiting to cook two slices of bullock's liver and a slice of salted pork, which lay in a piece of brown paper on his knee; another eager to toast a salt mackerel, in which he had invested his last cent; and the fourth munching stale crackers and cheese-rind, and washing them down with a toby of Mr. Casey's any thing but foaming ale. They were—Nigger Joe; Mickey McHugh, a short, middle-aged man, with a badly-broken nose and a strong Irish brogue, who, I am told, is an exceedingly clever "watch-stuffer;" Curly Bill, a tall, raw-boned young canaller, with black, curling hair, shaven face, and a very long nose; and Lame Pete, a short, stout, surly-looking man, with a face like a bulldog, and every feature in it proclaiming him to be—that he is—an incorrigible thief. Lame Pete has lately "done six months" in Brooklyn, and consequently looked tolerably fresh for a Water-Street *habitué*. I never saw a man with *thief* so plainly written in every lineament of his face. He fully comes up to the mark of Addison's well-known epigram on a rogue, which concludes thus:

"With all these tokens of a knave complete,
Shouldst thou be honest, thou'rt a devilish cheat."

The rest of the company included Tommy the Bolt, a young man with a remarkable, crooked nose, who, I understand, varies the excitement of doing chores around Fulton Market with a little occasional till-tapping; Luny Ted, a well-known Water-Street character, who is on the free list of all the lodging-houses in consideration of his being half-witted, running on little errands, carrying messages to the unfortunates on "the island," fetching coals, and generally making himself useful, as he cannot be ornamental—poor Luny having a very big head, and a face like a pig's, with a full, ragged beard of very dark hue; Jenny Ryan, commonly known as Dirty

Jenny, a talkative old lady from the Emerald Isle, whose costume consisted solely of an old, washed-out cotton gown, and a shawl which covered her head and shoulders (under-garments, boots, and stockings, are vanities which she has long eschewed); a woman with a fearful black eye, whom every one addressed as Swell-head, and who was in a state of maudlin intoxication; a heavy, stout woman, with enormous eyes, who answered to the name of Kate; a great, tall, bony-looking woman, who was dubbed Green-horn, and who also had a purple decoration under one eye; a quiet man and his wife, who came from the country, and who retired to bed soon after I arrived; and the family who had the bed by the entrance-door. If "misery makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows," I can vouch that the assumption of it did in my case. Here was a collection of beings worthy of exhibition in a travelling menagerie; of every sex, color, and size; and all remarkable for their training and accomplishments. There was not one of them who would not exclaim, after the fashion of Lewis Carroll:

"'Avant, dull Virtue!' is Oxonia's cry.
'Come to my arms, ingenious Villany!'"

There was much of their language which I could not understand; but I heard quite enough to learn that it was all about murder, robbery, the "island," the Tombs, the "cops," and kindred subjects.

And there I sat on my three-legged stool, quietly smoking my pipe, and taking in the whole scene and its by-play. One by one, the men at the stove moved away as soon as they had cooked their "chuck," as they called their bit of supper (a full meal is termed a "square"), in order to allow others to do likewise; and, as the savory odors of broiled herring, mackerel, bullock's liver, and salt pork, ascended from the cooking-stove, Tommy the Bolt could resist the gnawings of his hungered epigastrium no longer, despite his publicly-avowed determination to be economical that night. He suddenly jumped to his feet, and, having shaken the few wits which poor Luny Ted boasts into full working order, ordered him to go to the butcher's and purchase half a sheep's-head for him, and to the fishmonger's to purchase a whole cod's-head ("No shoulders, mind you") for himself.

"Hold on there, Luny!" cried Mr. Casey, who was endeavoring to give a semblance of lustre to a bronzy-looking tumbler. "I ain't a-goin' to have no such d—n stinking cookin' as sheep's-heads here!"

The Bolt's eye in an instant flashed murder at his inhospitable host; and, as I was directly on the bee-line between them, and the Bolt had a heavy tumbler in his hand, I thought it advisable to back my stool a foot or two, even at the risk of losing my place by the stove. The Bolt glared murderously at Casey, and Casey, while continuing to rub the recalcitrant tumbler, kept his bright little eye steadfastly fixed on the Bolt; and then Dirty Jenny, approaching the angry man with a coaxing but cautious "Come now, Tommy; it's not yerself what'll begin a muss this airly," turned the threatened tragedy into a farce by suggesting that it would be much better

for him to spend his "bit" in two drinks—one for her and one for himself.

The Bolt himself was forced to join in the general laugh, though economy once more exerted its sway over him, and he refused to "step up."

To my horror, the old beldame turned suddenly from him to me, put her arms round my neck, and, giving me a bouncing, rum-smelling kiss on the cheek before I divined her intention, said:

"Darlint, now it's you that'll sthan' a lone olud widdier-woman a drap o' authin', jes to kape the cold out this night."

I protested that I had no money. God forgive me the lie! I had a five-dollar bill carefully tacked inside the right leg of my trousers, and a twenty-dollar bill stowed away after the same fashion in the left leg, intending them to do duty according to the emergency of any unforeseen difficulty in which I might find myself placed. I had a solitary five-cent piece in my trouser's pocket.

By way of restoring general harmony, Curly Bill, who seemed to have a good supply of money for one of his class, ordered a "set up" all round, and called upon Mickey McKuge to sing an Irish song.

Mickey started one of those curious, wailing melodies peculiar to the Irish peasantry, and the general company rolled out the chorus with such effect that the officer on the beat came down.

In the confusion, I handed my tumbler of fusil-oil to Dirty Jenny, who tossed it off, and gave me back the empty tumbler without any one noticing it.

The officer asked what all the "fighting was about," took a stiff horn of Mr. Casey's whiskey at Mr. Casey's expense, and hurried up the steps again.

Some of our company had by this time drunk themselves sufficiently stupid to be able to go to bed and sleep; but the others resolutely stuck to the stove, myself among the number. The fact is, I did not want to share Nigger Joe's humble couch longer than was absolutely necessary; more especially as, seeing that rum made him quarrelsome (he had already had two or three very wordy altercations), I was half afraid that, if I should happen to doze in the night, and by accident kick him, he would think it his bounden duty to retaliate by breaking my head.

Mr. Casey's duties now compelled him to run about. Curly Bill was doing the honors freely, and round after round was served to the little party who hugged the fire. They were the "choice spirits" among Mr. Casey's patrons. They twitted those who slunk off to bed, sympathized with Mrs. Casey for not being able to drink on account of the baby's tender stomach, joked Dirty Jenny about being an old maid (Jenny always protests that she is not), jeered Swell-head about kissing the curb-stone, swore, laughed, sang, and had several little friendly scuffles, and were as merry a party of incorrigible thieves and drunkards as could well be imagined.

I was just congratulating myself on the probability that another round or two of rum would send the whole party to bed, when, for some cause which I was unable then or afterward to discover, Curly Bill took offence at

something which *Lame Pete* said or did, and *Lame Pete* just ducked his head in time to avoid *Curly Bill's* tumbler, which was shivered against the edge of the bar-counter. It is almost impossible to describe the scene which followed.

In an instant there was a general free fight. So sudden was the onslaught that I was rolled over, stool and all, just in time to furnish a soft falling-spot for *Mickey McHugh*, who was knocked down by *Nigger Joe*.

The women who had not gone to bed screamed. *Dirty Jenny* particularly distinguishing herself by invoking "arl ther sents," and tearing her hair in a frenzied way. The women who had gone to bed rushed in, and then one and all of the females joined in the fray.

I tried to get out of the place, not caring to run the risk of sleeping in the station-house and appearing at the Tombs next morning; but *Mrs. Casey* had locked the door, and taken away the key, before going to bed. So I jumped behind the bar, clearing the counter like a deer.

The scene was horrible! Men hammered one another's heads on the floor, the women wound their fingers in their hair, scratching, fighting, and screaming like maniacs; and then down came the police, who hammered on the door with their clubs for admittance.

All was still in a moment; those who had previously been in bed hurried back again; the others seized the stools, squatted down around the stove, and, smoothing their hair, assumed an air of innocence.

Mrs. Casey shouted "Coming!" and went in search of the key, and, as she unlocked the door, I stooped down as low as I could under cover of my hiding-place.

"What's all this about, *Casey*?" asked the officer.

Mr. Casey, with masterly suavity, assured him that it was "only a little bit of pleasntry between *Lame Pete* and *Jenny*. *Pete* wanted to kiss her, an' she wouldn't let him unless he stood her a drink first."

"*Casey*, that's too thin," rejoined the officer. "If there's any more of this I shall take some of 'em in and report your place. Now, all of you to bed!" he continued, addressing the crowd. "If that light ain't out in five minutes, *Casey*, I'll be down again and know the reason why."

"Come, now, *misther* —, be aisy, be aisy," put in *Dirty Jenny*. "Come an' take a drop along o' me. It's not *Dan Casey* that'll be afther refusin' me the thrust of a couple o' drinks."

"Now, *Jenny*, you go to bed," said the officer, laughing; "you've been up late every night this week."

Every one laughed, including *Jenny*, at this sally; for *Jenny* has been up late every night for the last thirty years.

"Come, *Casey*, shut up," said the officer; and, turning on his heel, he and his fellow-officer took their departure.

As I rose up from behind the bar, *Dirty Jenny* pointed to me, and, after laughing till the water poured from her eyes, called out: "By the holy powers, jist look where the cowardly spalpeen's been a hidin' this blessed while! Now, an' did yer think the peleece-

man was a goin' to ate yer? If it's meeself that didn't think yer to be a poore man, I'd make yer sthan' a roun' o' drinks in spite of all the peleece in the ward."

Mr. Casey, however, thought differently; and coolly declared his intention of putting the light out if we didn't all "scurry." He, nevertheless, paid me the compliment of carefully examining the till and searching me from head to foot before he would allow me to leave my port-in-a-storm—the back of his bar. Resistance was useless. Any objection on my part would have brought the whole pack of hungry hounds on me. Fortunately, he did not discover my money. It was sewed into my trousers, immediately below the knee.

By the time *Mr. Casey* had done with me, *Nigger Joe* was in bed. Five minutes after I had ensconced myself by his side, he was apparently sound asleep; and, as far as I could judge from the many-keyed nasal chorus which was soon in full swing, so were all the rest. I think it must have been about one o'clock when, as the *Bolter* prettily expressed it, *Mr. Casey* "doused the glim" (put out the lamp), and silence and darkness reigned supreme in that home of crime, debauchery, and drunken revelry. As I lay there, beside *Nigger Joe*, the very thought of home, of wife, and children, seemed a horrible impiety. I dozed for a moment, and I dreamed. Some dreadful spectre was waving me back from my own door with fearful and awesome gesticulations. I was powerless. My limbs refused to move. I experienced all the agony which must sooner or later fall upon the outcast from his home. I determined to dare this devil who boldly interposed his terrible presence between me and my belongings. I struggled to advance a hand, a foot, and found myself transfixed. The mission of my evil spirit had been invoked, and was obeying his behests. One had seized me by the throat; another had stabbed me in the side. With a yell, I awoke, and, instead of the dread spectre's imprecations, I was favored with a choice selection of oaths from *Nigger Joe*, who swore that he had been shaking me by the shoulder for ten minutes to make me "lie still" and "stop flinging." The stab in the side had been caused by *Nigger Joe* having stolen a glass of liquor while *Casey* was seeing that the door was properly locked and barred, and having to spring into bed with the tumbler in his hand to avoid detection, said tumbler eventually finding its way under my fifth rib when I turned over.

But a more distressing enemy than any spectre, because more real and tangible, soon attacked me, and with such vigorous assaults that my fortress of patience was quickly stormed. Tired as I was, and suffering from a splitting headache, brought on by the clouds of tobacco-smoke, the odors from the sewerage which was then flooding the back-room, the smell from the cooking, the din and noise, and the unnatural excitement, I was compelled at last to crawl in search of that three-legged stool by the fire which I had looked upon with such contempt when I first crossed *Mr. Casey's* threshold. There I sat, every five minutes appearing to be an hour, wondering if the day would ever break again. Fortunately for me, *Mr. Casey* was interested

in a gentleman who had been arrested the previous evening, and who would, necessarily, appear at the Tombs at the morning examination. My landlord was therefore out of bed early; and, no sooner did he unlock the door, than I sprang up the steps on to the sidewalk with the agility of a kangaroo. It was still almost dark, and I struck for *Chatham Street* to take a car home. But, oh, piling up of agony! During my few minutes of dozing and nightmare, *Nigger Joe* had "gone through" me. I must walk home! My forlorn hope, my solitary five-cent piece was gone, and, with it, my cambric pocket-handkerchief, in the corner of which were imprinted the initials

A. P.

LONDON TAVERNS.

"SIR, I like to dine," is one of those pungent, well-digested sayings attributed to the great *Dr. Johnson*. Had the words dropped from the mouth of any other than the learned lexicographer himself, the chances are, they would scarce have been considered of sufficient importance to merit recognition at the hands of a biographer. Nevertheless, there is more of wisdom in the saying than at first sight there might seem to appear. Most persons like to dine. I like to dine, you like to dine, they like to dine; but I, you, and they, have widely-different ideas, I take it, as to the crowning pleasures of a dinner. Now, there can be no question about it that *Dr. Johnson*, in thus dogmatically expressing his liking for dinner, intended to convey to the inquisitive *Boswell* that, under certain circumstances and upon certain conditions, he took a delight in dining. He did not particularly care about dinner as dinner, for he too frequently knew what it was to go without; and it, therefore, might be very safely taken for granted that, oftener than not, a plain chop an' potatoes falling to the doctor's lot, the learned gentleman had no strict preference for the mid-day meal over and above his breakfast or his supper. It was the surroundings of a dinner—the comfortable tavern, the good company, the generous wines, the sparkling wit—that the good doctor had in view when he thrust forward his dirty forefinger into *Boswell's* face, and said, in his ponderous, dogmatic way: "Sir, I like to dine." A tavern-chair, said the doctor, is "the throne of human felicity." He declared that, as soon as he entered the door of a tavern, he experienced an oblivion from care and a freedom from solicitude: "When I am seated, I find the master courteous, and the servants obsequious to my call, anxious to know and ready to supply my wants. To me, this exhilarates my spirits, and prompts me to free conversation and an interchange of discourse with those whom I most love. I am dogmatic, and am contradicted; and in this conflict of opinions and sentiment I delight."

And so it is with myself. Without in any way daring to draw a parallel between so humble a member of a profession to which the good doctor belonged, and the great man himself—"Sir, I like to dine," and nowhere better than in an old tavern in old London, set in

the midst of the wonderful associations of the long past. Where can one realize such inclinations better than in Fleet Street and its neighborhood? There's the "Mitre," and a very pleasant old tavern it is, though not, as some that I have known fondly imagine, the self-same tavern where the two gentlemen we have just been talking about planned their tour to the Hebrides, and of which Boswell remarks: "We had a good supper there, and port-wine, of which he" (Johnson) "then sometimes drank a bottle." Then, not a great way off, is the "Rainbow," sacred to the lawyers, within the very precincts, one may say, of the Temple itself. Very excellent, and thoroughly old English, are the "joints" one may have at this old yet now somewhat modernized tavern. That's the worst of it—modernize they will in this age of utilitarianism. There was the "Angel Inn," standing, not so many years ago, on the site of the present block of chambers known as "Danes' Inn"—the "Angel Inn," whence was dated the following, which appeared in the *Public Advertiser* of London, on the 28th of March, 1769: "To be sold—a black girl, the property of J. B—, eleven years of age, who is extremely handy, works at her needle tolerably, and speaks English perfectly well; is of an excellent temper and willing disposition. Inquire of Mr. Owen," etc. They pulled the old "Angel" down, and thus destroyed the last connecting link between London civilization and African slavery. Looking up at that huge structure in Holborn, recently, known as the "Inns of Court Hotel," I shook my head seriously, walked up its lofty flight of stone steps, and passed into the coffee-room. Munching my biscuit and cheese in that vast vault of emptiness, I ventured a remark to a gorgeous attendant in raven-black. Said I: "Joint-stock company?" "Yes, sir," said he. "Pay?" "Not by a long ways," said he. "Ever paid?" quoth I. "Not a fraction of dividend." I am ashamed to say I increased that waiter's fee from three pence to six upon the instant. "There, now," said I to myself, "the fruits of wiping away, by a scratch of a pen on a slip of stamped paper, an inn associated with one of the greatest events in England's national history. This is what they call improving. Now I wonder how many fortunes were made in half the space of time this modernized structure has been standing, by the landlords of its predecessor—the George and Blue Boar?" Let's get out into the street again and think a little. Here stood the quaint old inn itself, with its open wooden galleries leading to the chambers on each side of the inn-yard, with the trees round about, and the rude benches for travellers to rest at here, and the curious thatched-roof stable there. The wooden palings, with the little gate, were about where we are now standing. The thirsty sentinel was on the lookout at the wicket, leaning his face on his arquebuse; Cromwell and Ireton, disguised as troopers, were in the inn drinking, and talking somewhat boisterously about the stirring nature of the times, and a trifle boastfully, perhaps, about religion. By-and-by, in walks a travel-stained stranger with a saddle, which, for greater

ease, he carries upon his head. Up jump Cromwell and his companion, draw their swords, seize the man, bid him budge not one inch at his peril, rip open one of the skirts of the saddle, and in that skirt they find a letter. The sentry explains to the stranger that every thing is as it should be, and that he is now welcome, so soon as he pleases, to proceed on his way to Dover. Then the great general and his lieutenant eagerly break open the dispatch and read that Charles is again intriguing, and that this time the king informs his wife that he thinks he shall close with the Scots. That letter, read that day at the Blue-Boar Inn, in Holborn, sealed the fate of Charles I.; from that time forward Cromwell and Ireton resolved his ruin. But the reading that letter at the Blue Boar had something to do with what afterward occurred at the Red-Lion Inn, over the way. The bodies of the Protector, his lieutenant and Bradshaw, were brought here from Westminster Abbey one day, and the next, amid the execrations of a multitude, were dragged on sledges to Tyburn.

"I often," says Charles Lamb, "shed tears in the motley Strand for fulness of joy at so much life." I declare that I have trodden that ground time and time again with a disposition to cry, not with fulness of joy at the "so much life," but with something of deep-seated sorrow at the thought that that very excess of life to which the charming essayist refers with such pleasurable emotion, has brought about the destruction of the dear old taverns, and that tavern-life which was one of the chiefest delights of the age when Charles Lamb lived. It has always struck me that later writers, perhaps, have been rather too much inclined to view with severity the lives men led—or perhaps it would be more correct to write literary men led, for we have been told most about them in London—during the latter part of the last and beginning of the present century. We must remember that the taverns of those times took the place of the club-houses of the present; and, though no one would venture for a moment to assert that the same boisterous scenes are enacted in the decorous clubs of Pall Mall at this day that were almost of universal occurrence in certain old Fleet-Street taverns of a day gone by, yet, I question very much whether the wits and writers of, and following, Johnson's time, were not quite as discreet in their way as the wits and writers of the Dickens era of literature. The only difference seems to be that the tavern-life was more public then, and therefore more open to observation, than that pertaining to the modern club. We have read of "three-bottle men" and all that sort of thing in Sheridan's time, but many a club-man, I'll wager, even of the present day, has known what it is to leave the table under the influence of his sherry, his champagne, and his claret, after a dinner *à la Russe* at the —. But 'twere wrong to draw comparisons. Port was the wine of those days; clarets are the wines of these. It is equally easy to get drunk off the one as the other, always providing one takes sufficient.

There is a plain—nay, I would almost write ugly—range of buildings next Somerset

House, in the Strand, known as King's College, London. Looking out upon the steps leading to the college-chapel is the coffee-house—they call it hotel now—at the bar of which Junius directed many of his letters to be left for Woodfall. It is pleasant to meditate upon those famous anonymous letters, and the consternation they created at the time of their publication—but outside of the Somerset Hotel. The letters of Junius and the odor of cabbage-water don't, I trow, go well together. You may take a volume of the one, to your moral good; the ponderous flavor of the other, ever pervading the modernized dining-room of the Somerset, counterbalances all that good which the association of locality with event may be said to have upon the thoughtful student of English history. Moreover, I would wish such a one to take his well-thumbed volume (I pray it be well thumbed, else little satisfaction may be had in identifying place with history) into a quaint old room, with sanded floor, and curious little partitions crowned with green-baize curtains to separate guest from guest; to sit next a cheerful open grate with blazing fire; to be tended by a thoughtful, decorous waiter; to eat of plain and substantial food; to drink sparingly. There is a place in my mind's eye now, next Temple Bar, that, seems to me, will afford all these incitements for study. You shall know it by a sign. A well-carved image of Chanticleer. Well carved! Laugh not, good Master Critic; its carving is so good that it is attributed to Grinling Gibbons. A cock of gilt proudly perched upon a bottle. Go there and take your dinner, and, as you walk with a sort of reverence akin to awe up the well-worn passage to the little bar, remember that the little tavern, the famous tavern (Tennyson has immortalized it in verse, or rather its one-time excellent head-waiter), this coseyest of cosey London taverns, stood here when the plague was ravaging London. Here's a Jesuitical advertisement proclaiming the fact: "This is to certify that the master of the Cock and Bottle, commonly called the Cock alehouse, at Temple Bar, hath dismissed his servants, and shut up his house for this long vacation" (see, Mr. Landlord!), "intending (God willing) to return at Michaelmas next, so that all persons who have any account or farthings belonging to the said house are desired to repair themselves before the 8th of this instant, July, and they shall receive satisfaction." The landlord wanted to get off as well as his neighbors, for De Foe says that somewhere near ten thousand persons, before "this instant, July," had died of the plague in the neighborhood of Fleet Street alone. It would be scarcely possible to say what Londoner of repute has not, at one time of his life, dined at the Cock. Surely, Johnson has been there, and his lot. Goldsmith, Percy, Hawkesworth, Pope, Swift, Addison, and Garth, knew the place. Sydney Smith, Coleridge, Lamb, Shelley, Leigh Hunt, Thackeray, and Dickens, have all dined there. But why pursue the subject further? The whole bench of English judges, from Brougham downward, as barristers, have sat in one or other of the seats you may occupy in the dining-room any time you have a mind to. Tennyson, a naturally retiring man, not

given to much knowledge of taverns, has, I repeat, immortalized this relic of an age gone by. Need I add to the list? Then, if the student-traveller desire food on his way through London, let him lead him to the Cock at Temple Bar. He shall have food for his body and food for his mind to perfection; the one the most delicious of its kind to be had in London, the other the rarest that may be got in the world. I wonder whether dear, gossipy Leigh Hunt was dining at the Cock when the following thought was suggested: "A waiter," writes he, "has no feeling of noise, but as the sound of dining, or of silence, but as a thing before dinner. Even a loaf with him is hardly a loaf; it is so many breads. His longest speech is the making out of a bill *viva voce*—two beefs—one potatoes—three ales—two wines—six and twopence, which he does with an indifferent celerity amusing to new-comers who have been relying their fare, and not considering it a mere set of items." Certainly, there are waiters and waiters, but there is no superior to a waiter at the Cock.

There are some curious old taverns in London City proper; places where the old Scotch mull is yet placed upon the well-polished mahogany table, with the port-wine after dinner. I am inclined, however, to the belief that, with the one exception of the Czar of Muscovy public-house in Great-Tower Street, which Peter the Great frequented, there is no house now standing "within the walls" worthy the name of an old English tavern. Stay! There is Crosby Hall. Out upon you for saying Old London does not possess an old English tavern, and Crosby Hall, whilom court, now eating-house, the most famous of them all! Borrowing from a recent writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "For four centuries it has played a part in national as well as civic history; has been appropriated as prison and as palace; has been the scene of royal gayeties and splendor, and of commercial occupation; and has resounded with the wit and wisdom of More and Sully, the strains, solemn and airy, of Byrde and Morley, and with old Puritan and modern eloquence." Fie! that I should have forgotten old Crosby Hall! Why, it is a curious fact that just hereabouts, within sight of this tavern, Shakespeare fixed his residence at that period of his life when he was producing the choicest of his works. The poet's name is assessed, October 1, 1598, in the parish-records of St. Helen, Bishopsgate, for five pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence. St. Helen's is the church-opposite, within a stone's-throw of the hall. I'm afraid I can scarcely recommend the mutton-chop and potatoes at Crosby Hall. There is too much of bustle and confusion; too much of the city element and the boisterous vulgarity of the Stock Exchange, to make it pleasant for the student. Still, I would yet have him visit this wonderful relic in Bishopsgate Street—its council-chamber, throne-room, and banquetting-hall, which formed some of the state apartments of the ancient mansion. In fact, in Crosby Hall you may see one of the finest and most authentic examples of Gothic domestic architecture in London belonging to that period of English history when merchant-princes began to take rank with the nobles

of the court. It is scarcely necessary to trace the grave vicissitudes of the grand old building, from the time when Sir Thomas More lodged, and Richard II. was offered there his crown by the lord-mayor and citizens down to its restoration, in 1836, by Lord-Mayor Copeland, when the hall was fitted up with banners, strewed with rushes, and an Elizabethan banquet was served upon the long tables. Suffice it to say that More wrote his last and sad letter from the Tower with a piece of charcoal, the night before his execution, to his "dearest friend" Antonio Bonvicini, merchant of Lucca (who, by-the-way, first taught the English to spin with the distaff), who resided here; that the old hall escaped from the fire of London; that it afterward passed into the possession of "the Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies;" that it is, in a few words, the rarest, the most picturesque, the grandest example of the style of the timber houses of the fifteenth century existing in London.

CHARLES E. PASCOE.

MISCELLANY.

Selections from New Books and Foreign Journals.

PASSAGES FROM WALTER BAGEHOT'S "PHYSICS AND POLITICS."*

HISTORY catches man as he emerges from the patriarchal state: ethnology shows how he lived, grew, and improved in that state. The conclusive arguments against the imagined original civilization are indeed plain to every one. Nothing is more intelligible than a moral deterioration of mankind—nothing than an æsthetic degradation—nothing than a political degradation. But you cannot imagine mankind giving up the plain utensils of personal comfort, if they once knew them; still less can you imagine them giving up good weapons—say bows and arrows—if they once knew them. Yet, if there were a primitive civilization, these things *must* have been forgotten, for tribes can be found in every degree of ignorance, and every grade of knowledge, as to pottery, as to the metals, as to the means of comfort, as to the instruments of war. And, what is more, these savages have not failed from stupidity; they are, in various degrees of originality, inventive about these matters. You cannot trace the roots of an old perfect system variously maimed and variously dying; you cannot find it, as you find the trace of the Latin language, in the mediæval dialects. On the contrary, you find it beginning—as new scientific discoveries and inventions now begin—here a little and there a little, the same thing half-done in various half-ways, and so as no one who knew the best way would ever have begun.

In early times the quantity of government is much more important than its quality. What you want is a comprehensive rule binding men together, making them do much the same things, telling them what to expect of each other—fashioning them alike, and keeping them so. What this rule is does not matter so much. A good rule is better than a bad one, but any rule is better than none; while, for reasons which a jurist will appre-

* "Physics and Politics; or, Thoughts on the Application of the Principles of 'Natural Selection' and 'Inheritance' to Political Society." By Walter Bagehot. Forming second volume of the "International Scientific Series." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

ciate, none can be very good. But to gain that rule, what may be called the impressive elements of a polity, are incomparably more important than its useful elements. How to get the obedience of men is the hard problem; what you do with that obedience is less critical.

To gain that obedience, the primary condition is the identity—not the union, but the sameness—of what we now call Church and State. Dr. Arnold, fresh from the study of Greek thought and Roman history, used to preach that this identity was the great cure for the misguided modern world. But he spoke to ears filled with other sounds and minds filled with other thoughts, and they hardly knew his meaning, much less heeded it. But, though the teaching was wrong for the modern age to which it was applied, it was excellent for the old world from which it was learned. What is there requisite is a single government—call it Church or State, as you like—regulating the whole of human life. No division of power is then endurable without danger—probably without destruction; the priest must not teach one thing and the king another; king must be priest, and prophet king: the two must say the same, because they are the same. The idea of difference between spiritual penalties and legal penalties must never be awakened. Indeed, early Greek thought or early Roman thought would never have comprehended it. There was a kind of rough public opinion, and there were rough, very rough, hands which acted on it.

It is only after duly apprehending the silent manner in which national characters thus form themselves, that we can rightly appreciate the dislike which old governments had to trade. There must have been something peculiar about it, for the best philosophers, Plato and Aristotle, shared it. They regarded commerce as the source of corruption as naturally as a modern economist considers it the spring of industry, and all the old governments acted in this respect upon the philosophers' maxims. "Well," said Dr. Arnold, speaking ironically and in the spirit of modern times—"well, indeed, might the policy of the old priest-nobles of Egypt and India endeavor to divert their people from becoming familiar with the sea, and represent the occupation of a seaman as incompatible with the purity of the highest castes. The sea deserved to be hated by the old aristocracies, inasmuch as it has been the mightiest instrument in the civilization of mankind." But the old oligarchies had their own work, as we now know. They were imposing a fashioning yoke; they were making the human nature which after-times employ. They were at their labors—we have entered into these labors. And to the unconscious imitation which was their principal tool, no impediment was so formidable as foreign intercourse. Men imitate what is before their eyes, if it is before their eyes alone, but they do not imitate it if it is only one among many present things—one competitor among others, all of which are equal, and some of which seem better. "Whoever speaks two languages is a rascal," says the saying, and it rightly represents the feeling of primitive communities when the sudden impact of new thoughts and new examples breaks down the compact despotism of the single consecrated code, and leaves pliant and impressible man—such as he then is—to follow his unpleasant will without distinct guidance by hereditary morality and hereditary religion. The old oligarchies wanted to keep their type perfect, and for that end they were right not to allow foreigners to touch it.

The *literati* of the last century were forever in fear of a new conquest of the barbarians, but only because their imagination was

overshadowed and frightened by the old conquests. A very little consideration would have shown them that, since the monopoly of military inventions by cultivated states, real and effective military power tends to confine itself to those states. The barbarians are no longer so much as vanquished competitors; they have ceased to compete at all. The military vices, too, of civilization seem to decline just as its military strength augments. Somehow or other civilization does not make men effeminate or unwarlike now as it once did. There is an improvement in our fibre—moral, if not physical. In ancient times city people could not be got to fight—seemingly could not fight; they lost their mental courage, perhaps their bodily nerve. But nowadays in all countries the great cities could pour out multitudes wanting nothing but practice to make good soldiers, and abounding in bravery and vigor. This was so in America; it was so in Prussia; and it would be so in England too. The breed of ancient times was impaired for war by trade and luxury, but the modern breed is not so impaired.

The military strength of man has been growing from the earliest time known to our history, straight on till now. And we must not look at times known by written records only; we must travel back to older ages, known to us only by what lawyers call *real evidence*—the evidence of things. Before history began, there was at least as much progress in the military art as there has been since. The Roman legionaries or Homeric Greeks were about as superior to the men of the shell-mounds and the flint implements as we are superior to them. There has been a constant acquisition of military strength by man since we know any thing of him, either by the documents he has composed or the indications he has left. The cause of this military growth is very plain. The strongest nation has always been conquering the weaker; sometimes even subduing it, but always prevailing over it. Every intellectual gain, so to speak, that a nation possessed, was, in the earliest times, made use of—was *invested* and taken out—in war; all else perished. Each nation tried constantly to be the stronger, and so made or copied the best weapons; by conscious and unconscious imitation each nation formed a type of character suitable to war and conquest. Conquest improved mankind by the intermixture of strengths; the armed truce, which was then called peace, improved them by the competition of training and the consequent creation of new power. Since the long-headed men first drove the short-headed men out of the best land in Europe, all European history has been the history of the superposition of the more military races over the less military—of the efforts, sometimes successful, sometimes unsuccessful, of each race to get more military; and so the art of war has constantly improved.

No nation admits of an abstract definition; all nations are beings of many qualities and many sides; no historical event exactly illustrates any one principle; every cause is intertwined and surrounded with a hundred others. The best history is but like the art of Rembrandt; it casts a vivid light on certain selected causes, on those which were best and greatest; it leaves all the rest in shadow and unseen. To make a single nation illustrate a principle, you must exaggerate much and you must omit much.

Another mode in which one state acquires a superiority over competing states is by *provisional* institutions, if I may so call them. The most important of these—slavery—arises out of the same early conquest as the mixture of races. A slave is an unassimilated, an undigested atom; something which is in the body

politic, but yet is hardly part of it. Slavery, too, has a bad name in the later world, and very justly. We connect it with gangs in chains, with laws which keep men ignorant, with laws that hinder families. But the evils which we have endured from slavery in recent ages must not blind us to, or make us forget, the great services that slavery rendered in early ages. There is a wonderful presumption in its favor; it is one of the institutions which, at a certain stage of growth, all nations in all countries choose and cleave to. "Slavery," says Aristotle, "exists by the law of Nature," meaning that it was everywhere to be found—was a rudimentary universal point of polity. "There are very many English colonies," said Edward Gibbon Wakefield, as late as 1848, "who would keep slaves at once if we would let them," and he was speaking not only of old colonies trained in slavery, and raised upon the products of it, but likewise of new colonies started by freemen, and which ought, one would think, to wish to contain freemen only. But Wakefield knew what he was saying; he was a careful observer of rough societies, and he had watched the minds of men in them. He had seen that *leisure* is the great need of early societies, and slaves only can give men leisure. All freemen in new countries must be pretty equal; every one has labor, and every one has land; capital, at least in agricultural countries (for pastoral countries are very different), is of little use; it cannot hire labor; the laborers go and work for themselves. . . . In such countries there can be few gentlemen and no ladies. Refinement is only possible when leisure is possible; and slavery first makes it possible. It creates a set of persons born to work that others may not work, and not to think in order that others may think. The sort of originality which slavery gives is of the first practical advantage in early communities; and the repose it gives is a great artistic advantage when they come to be described in history.

But how far are the strongest nations really the best nations? how far is excellence in war a criterion of other excellence? I cannot answer this now fully, but three or four considerations are very plain. War, as I have said, nourishes the "preliminary" virtues, and this is almost as much as to say that there are virtues which it does not nourish. All which may be called "grace" as well as virtue it does not nourish; humanity, charity, a nice sense of the rights of others, it certainly does not foster. The insensibility to human suffering, which is so striking a fact in the world as it stood when history first reveals it, is doubtless due to the warlike origin of the old civilization. Bred in war, and nursed in war, it could not revolt from the things of war, and one of the principal of these is human pain. Since war has ceased to be the moving force in the world, men have become more tender one to another, and shrink from what they used to inflict without caring; and this not so much because men are improved (which may or may not be in various cases), but because they have no longer the daily habit of war—have no longer formed their notions upon war, and therefore are guided by thoughts and feelings which soldiers as such—soldiers educated simply by their trade—are too hard to understand.

Strong as the propensity to imitation is among civilized men, we must conceive it as an impulse of which their minds have been partially denuded. Like the far-seeing sight, the infallible hearing, the magical scent of the savage, it is a half-lost power. It was strongest in ancient times, and is strongest in uncivilized regions. This extreme propensity to imitation is one great reason of the amazing sameness which every observer notices in savage nations. When you have seen one

Fuegian, you have seen all Fuegians—one Tasmanian, all Tasmanians. A savage tribe resembles a herd of gregarious beasts; where the leader goes they go too; they copy blindly his habits, and thus soon become that which he already is.

THE RUFF.

Of all the curiosities in costume, the ruff, perhaps, is the most eccentric. These monstrosities were frequently made a quarter of a yard deep, so that the wearer was obliged to eat with a spoon a couple of feet long, and were of different colors, yellow being for a long time the fashionable tint. Philip Stubbes, a Puritan, and the satirist of his time, in his "Anatomic of Abuses," in vain endeavored to write down these fashionable collars. This is what he says:

"The women there use great ruffles and neckerchers of holland lawn, cambric, and such cloth, as the greatest thread shall not be so big as the least hair that is; and, lest they should fall down, they are smeared and starched in the devil's liquor—I mean starch—after that, dried with great diligence, streaked, patted, and rubbed very nicely, and so applied to their goodly necks, and, withal, underdropped with supportasses, the stately arches of pride; beyond all this they have a further fetch, nothing inferior to the rest, as, namely, three or four degrees of minor ruffles, placed *gradatim*, one beneath the other, and all under the master devil-ruff; the shirts, then, of these great ruffles are long, and side every way pleated, and crested full curiously, God wot. Then, last of all, they are either clogged with gold, silver, or silk-lace of stately price, wrought all over with needlework, speckled and sparkled here and there with the sun, the moon, the stars, and many other antiques strange to behold. Some are wrought with open work down to the midst of the ruff, and further, some with close work, some with purled lace so cloied, and other gewgaws so pestered, as the ruffe is the least part of itself. Sometimes they are pinned up to their ears, sometimes they are suffered to hang over their shoulders, like windmill-sails fluttering in the wind; and thus every one pleaseth herself in her foolish devices."

Although yellow was the fashionable color for the ruff, other tints were also used, and ladies constantly appeared with ruffs tinged with blue or red or purple starch. The introducer of the popular color into England was a Mistress Anne Turner, who has achieved some degree of notoriety as having been the accomplice of the Countess of Somerset in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. When the fashionable starcher was brought to trial and condemned to death, Sir Edward Coke, who tried the case, sentenced her to be hanged at Tyburn in a ruff stiffened with her own yellow starch. A contemporary writer (Howell) states that the sentence was carried out to the letter, and that Mistress Turner was hanged wearing a ruff stiffened with the compound she had invented. One Michael Sparke, who wrote in 1651, referring to this, expresses a wish that the judges of his day would sentence female offenders to be hanged with naked bosoms and backs, as it might discourage the general practice of ladies going about only half-clad. After Anne Turner's execution, yellow-starched ruffs ceased to be worn.

That they were at one time much admired is a fact constantly appearing in the plays of the time. In "The Blind Lady," Peter says to the chambermaid: "You had once better opinions of me, though now you wash every day your best handkerchief with yellow starch and your lace quiff." Again, in the play of "Albion," a lady asks a gentleman, "What price bears wheat and saffron, that your hand is so stiff and yellow?" "Stow

also remarks that, when these ruffs came into fashion, the Dutch merchants only sold the lawn and cambric by ells, yards, half-ells, and half-yards; for there was not then one shop-keeper among forty that durst buy a whole piece either of lawn or cambric; and at that time there was not so much lawn and cambric to be had in all the merchant-houses in London as at this day may easily be purchased at one linen-draper's shop.—"Women as they Were," in *London Society*.

ASSOCIATED HABITUAL MOVEMENTS IN THE LOWER ANIMALS.

Dogs, when they wish to go to sleep on a carpet or other hard surface, generally turn round and round and scratch the ground with their fore-paws in a senseless manner, as if they intended to trample down the grass and scoop out a hollow, as no doubt their wild parents did, when they lived on open grassy plains or in the woods. Jackals, fennecs, and other allied animals in the Zoological Gardens, treat their straw in this manner; but it is a rather odd circumstance that the keepers, after observing for some months, have never seen the wolves thus behave. A semi-idiotic dog—and an animal in this condition would be particularly liable to follow a senseless habit—was observed by a friend to turn completely round on a carpet thirteen times before going to sleep.

Many carnivorous animals, as they crawl toward their prey and prepare to rush or spring on it, lower their heads and crouch, partly, as it would appear, to hide themselves, and partly to get ready for their rush; and this habit in an exaggerated form has become hereditary in our pointers and setters. Now I have noticed scores of times that, when two strange dogs meet on an open road, the one which first sees the other, though at the distance of one or two hundred yards, after the first glance always lowers its head, generally crouches a little, or even lies down; that is, he takes the proper attitude for concealing himself and for making a rush or spring, although the road is quite open and the distance great. Again, dogs of all kinds, when intently watching and slowly approaching their prey, frequently keep one of their fore-legs doubled up for a long time, ready for the next cautious step; and this is eminently characteristic of the pointer. But from habit they behave in exactly the same manner whenever their attention is aroused. I have seen a dog at the foot of a high wall, listening attentively to a sound on the opposite side, with one leg doubled up; and in this there could have been no intention of making a cautious approach.

Dogs scratch themselves by a rapid movement of one of their hind-feet; and, when their backs are rubbed with a stick, so strong is the habit, that they cannot help rapidly scratching the air or the ground in a useless and ludicrous manner.

Horses scratch themselves by nibbling those parts of their bodies which they can reach with their teeth; but more commonly one horse shows another where he wants to be scratched, and they then nibble each other. A friend, whose attention I had called to the subject, observed that, when he rubbed his horse's neck, the animal protruded his head, uncovered his teeth, and moved his jaws, exactly as if nibbling another horse's neck, for he could never have nibbled his own neck. If a horse is much tickled, as when curry-combed, his wish to bite something becomes so intolerably strong, that he will clatter his teeth together, and, though not vicious, bite his groom. At the same time, from habit, he closely depresses his ears, so as to protect them from being bitten, as if he were fighting with another horse.

A horse, when eager to start on a journey,

makes the nearest approach which he can to the habitual movement of progression by pawing the ground. Now, when horses in their stalls are about to be fed and are eager for their corn, they paw the pavement or the straw. Two of my horses thus behave when they see or hear the corn given to their neighbors. But here we have what may almost be called a true expression, as pawing the ground is universally recognized as a sign of eagerness.

The sheldrake (*Tadorna*) feeds on the sands left uncovered by the tide, and, when a worm-cast is discovered, "it begins patting the ground with its feet, dancing, as it were, over the hole;" and this makes the worm come to the surface. Now, Mr. St. John says that, when his tame sheldrakes "came to ask for food, they patted the ground in an impatient and rapid manner." This, therefore, may almost be considered as their expression of hunger. Mr. Bartlett informs me that the flamingo and kagu (*Rhinocetus jubatus*), when anxious to be fed, beat the ground with their feet in the same odd manner. So, again, kingfishers, when they catch a fish, always beat it until it is killed; and in the Zoological Gardens they always beat the raw meat, with which they are sometimes fed, before devouring it.—*Darwin's "Expression of the Emotions in Man and the Lower Animals."*

MALIBRAN'S LAST APPEARANCE.

"The Maid of Artois" was the last opera in which this "wonderful creature" was ever to delight the English musical public. On the 10th of September she went down with her husband, De Beriot, to take part in the Manchester Musical Festival; but it was remarked by all her friends that she was by no means in her usual spirits, and that her efforts were made rather under compulsion than by that impulse which was so constantly apparent in every thing she undertook. On the morning of the 14th (Wednesday) she took part in a miscellaneous sacred performance, and sang, with Clara Novello, in the third part, Marcello's duet, "Qual Anelante," with so much lively gaiety, fullness of execution, and a singleness of purpose, and so delighted the audience that, at the request of several distinguished individuals, it was, not immediately, but after one or two portions of Handel's "Israel in Egypt" had been given, repeated; and, so great was the excitement which this repetition induced, that, at its conclusion, a few persons were so excited that they could not resist the impulse, testifying their delight by clapping their hands. Of the "Israel," Malibran gave the succeeding solo, "Sing ye to the Lord," with such pathos and finished declamation as "to leave nothing to be wished for but the longer continuation of the strain." The concert of the same evening was a most brilliant affair. The theatre where it was given was crammed in the several departments of boxes, pit, and gallery, to suffocation. Hundreds of individuals would have been glad to have obtained standing-room; but every situation from which a view could be obtained or a sound heard was filled up.

From some impulse or other—for which, she told me, she never could and never would be able to account—Madame Caradori-Allan was seized with a desire to discover whether she could equal her competitor in the final *cadenza* of Mercadante's duet upon its repetition. Accomplished musician as she was, she was at no loss for invention, and outdid herself. Malibran, while she was singing, looked at her with astonishment; but there was "a lurking devil in her eye" which said, "I will beat that." And so she did; for such a *cadenza* as she immediately improvised was never heard to pass from the throat and lips of any other artiste that ever lived. Then

came the "final close," which completed, and the acknowledgments made to the audience, Malibran staggered off the stage, and, the moment she was out of sight, fell senseless into the arms of a by-stander, who saved her from falling head foremost. She was immediately removed to her lodgings at the Mosley Arms Hotel, and Drs. Bardsley, Hall, and Worthington, were sent for in all haste; but, at the time she was to have reappeared to take her part in the second act in the quintet from Mozart's "Cosi fan tutte," an apology was made for her on the ground that the indisposition under which she had for some time past, and especially on the previous morning, been suffering, but from which it was hoped she was fast recovering, had returned with such violence that copious bleeding from the arm had been deemed advisable, and the utmost quietness ordered. Although, however, under such circumstances, it was impossible that she could appear again that evening, a hope was expressed that she would on the morrow be sufficiently convalescent to take part in the business allotted to her in the "scheme." Under the care of the medical men who had been summoned to her, poor Malibran seemed for a short time likely to rally; but the copious bleeding had done its worst under the condition in which she was found to be, which these medical men seemed to be unaware of. De Beriot, being dissatisfied with their treatment, sent to London for his own physician, a homeopathist, Dr. Bellomini, which so offended the regular practitioners that they immediately refused to meet him, and retired from the case. Her complaint was inflammation arising from premature confinement. Up to the time of Dr. Bellomini's arrival she had gradually continued to decline; she, however, rallied under his treatment until September 22d, but, in the course of that day, a relapse took place, which so greatly alarmed him that he was induced to call in the aid of Mr. Lewis, a surgeon. On the following morning she had become much worse, and lay in a state of the greatest exhaustion, apparently unconscious of every thing around her, and but little hopes were entertained of her recovery. Every effort that skill could devise to restore her was resorted to; but the melancholy event took place precisely at twenty minutes to twelve o'clock, up to which period she had continued to sink without regaining her faculties for a moment.—"*Musical Recollections of the Last Half Century.*"

INCANTATIONS IN ALGIERS.

We were anxious, while in Algeria, to see all we could of the customs peculiar to the different nationalities which so greatly contribute to the interest and picturesque of the country; and, accordingly, one Wednesday morning, started early for a grotto by the sea-shore, which, from time immemorial, has been devoted to what is called the "nigresses' sacrifice." This grotto is situated on the road to St. Eugène, and, early as it was, we passed a number of women and children, on foot or on mules, all wending their way in the same direction, followed by servants carrying under their arms or in baskets a quantity of black or white fowls. When we arrived at the spot indicated by our driver, and had got out of the carriage, we discovered a flight of steep steps cut in the rock, leading down to a path by the sea-shore. This path turned suddenly to the right behind the projecting cliff, and disclosed a semicircular cave, behind which was a spring called Sebâ-Aïoun, or the Seven Fountains. In the centre of this cave sat an old negress, ugly as a demon, dressed in a white turban and a great scarlet cloak; while, before her, a circular space was traced in the sand, in the centre of which was a kind of rude stove on which

simmered various little earthenware pots of incense and benzoin. Presently an Arab lady came up, crying bitterly, saying "that her husband had ceased to love her, and had taken a fancy to some one else." She took from her maid two white and two black hens, which she presented to the negress, who first incensed both her and the fowls, then swung the birds by the legs three times over the lady's head, and all about her, and then slowly and only partially cut their throats, letting the blood flow into a little metal basin, with which she anointed the patient's hands and feet, between the eyes and on the forehead, all the while reciting prayers or rather incantations, the lady crossing her hands backward and forward in token of submission. The wretched birds were only half killed, and by the way they fluttered it was decided whether the charm had or had not been successful. If they fluttered toward the sea, it was considered all right, and the negresses set up a shrill "Li! Li!" of triumph. If, on the other hand, the unhappy fowls struggled, in their death-agonies, toward the rock, the charm had failed, and the whole thing had to be done over again. Then the patient was made to drink of the spring, and to wash in it three times, while she was again incensed by the negress. The same thing was repeated for each patient as he or she came up to the negress's caldron, until the sand was strewn with dying fowls and blood, to a degree which was positively sickening. Other negresses were in attendance on the principal *guezennas* as they are called, dressed in the blue check haik of their race, and all equally revolting in manner and appearance. This sacrifice dates from the early Roman times, and is, in fact, a remnant of the old pagan superstitions. The curious and painful thing to me was that, not only Jewesses but even French Christians came to be cured, and submitted to all these horrible rites and incantations. I spoke to one woman whom I had seen in the morning at the cathedral, and asked her "how she could reconcile it to her conscience to seek relief in such a manner?" She replied: "I believe in the cures effected by these negresses; and, if theirs is a bad agency, at any rate it is overruled for good. God is in heaven and we on earth, and He can bless whatever means we use."—*Lady Herbert's "Algeria."*

ONENESS OF AIM.

It was the opinion of William Hazlitt that life is long enough for many pursuits, provided we set about them properly, and give our minds wholly to them. Let one devote himself to any art or science ever so strenuously, he said, and he will still have leisure to make considerable progress in half a dozen acquisitions. "Let a man do all he can in any one branch of study, he must either exhaust himself and doze over it, or vary his pursuit, or else lie idle. All our real labor lies in a nutshell. The mind makes, at some period or other, one herculean effort, and the rest is mechanical." All this is true enough of a few prodigies of genius that have appeared at rare intervals in the ages. Cicero was master of logic, ethics, astronomy, and natural philosophy, besides being well versed in geometry, music, and all the other fine arts. Bacon took all knowledge for his province. Dante, skilled in all the learning of his times, sustained arguments at the University of Paris against fourteen disputants, and conquered in all. Scipio Africanus was not only a great warrior, but famed for his learning and eloquence. Salvator Rosa was a lunatic and a satirist. The variety of knowledge and accomplishment accumulated by Leonardo da Vinci almost staggers belief. It has been said that, if he had stood before the gates of Macedon, he would have tamed Bucephalus; if he had been seated on the

magic throne of Comus, he would have broken the wand of the demon; if he had seen the chariot of the King of Phrygia, he would have unravelled the Gordian Knot. He was not only a great painter, but a mathematician, metaphysician, musician, poet, sculptor, engineer, architect, chemist, botanist, anatomist, astronomer, besides being skilled in mechanics and natural history. But how many Baccos, Dantes, Salvators, or Da Vincis, have there been in the world's history?—nay, among the men of any generation, how many are even Hazlitts? The very rarity of such prodigies is what makes them prodigies. To every such instance of universal accomplishment may be opposed thousands of men who have failed in life by dabbling in too many things. Most men run uncertainly if they have two goals. Hobbes made himself a laughing-stock as a poet; Milton wrote but little good prose, and provokes a smile at himself as a humorist; Bentley's hand forgot its cunning when he laid it on "Paradise Lost;" Boileau failed almost utterly when he attempted to sweep the strings of the lyre, as did Corneille in comedy and Dryden in tragedy. "Art, not less eloquently than literature," says Willmott, "teaches her children to venerate the single eye. Remember Matsys. His representations of miser-life are breathing. A forfeited bond twinkles in the hard smile. But follow him to an altar-piece. His Apostle has caught a stray tint from his usurer."—*Professor Mattheus's "Hints on Success in Life."*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AN earnest advocacy is now making in some quarters for an amendment to the Constitution by which the electoral colleges shall be abolished, and the election of the President and Vice-President be made directly by the people. Without at present discussing this proposition in regard to its advantages or its objections, we wish to point out one notable circumstance which, in the discussions we have so far seen, has not been dwelt upon. The proposed change will, if accomplished, be one of the most signal revolutions that has so far occurred in our constitutional history. The electoral method is so commonly looked upon as cumbersome and even absurd, and it is so generally believed that the ends designed by the founders of the republic have been entirely defeated in the practical operation of the system, that a spirit of impatience has arisen in regard to its continuance which overlooks some of the important elements in the plan. Our present method of electing the President and Vice-President unites the two distinct principles which underlie the organization of our government—the representative and the federal. It is somewhat difficult to define exactly what our chief executive officer is president of. He is not president of the States—if he were, then each State, by that principle which declares all the States to be equal in the Union, would be entitled to an equal voice in his election. He is not strictly president of the people—if he were, then his election would be the result of a choice in which the whole body of the people would act as a unit. We may call him, with awkward circumlocution,

president of the several peoples of the States—but even this definition contains an error. In the formation of the electoral colleges it is not only the people, but the States, as sovereign bodies, that are represented. Each college is composed of as many members as there are congressional representatives from the State, and to these are added two electors at large, who represent the State in the college, just as two senators represent it at Washington. In the one factor, covering the number of representatives, the people are expressed in proportion to the population of the State; in the other factor, the State, without regard to its population, has its equal federal representation. Here we have both the popular voice and the federal relation fully combined; we have the popular principle, as in the election of members of the House, and the federal or State principle, as in the organization of the Senate. One effect of this is to deprive the people in different States of an equal voice in the election. New York has a population of four millions, while the aggregate of fourteen of the smaller States only reaches this number. And yet these fourteen States have twenty-eight electors at large, or an excess of twenty-six votes over New York in the electors at large, but with a full excess of thirty votes arising from the irregularity of representative distribution*—for a constituency, recollect, of about the same number of people. The inequality between the people of some of the States in this matter is quite noteworthy. A citizen of Nevada absolutely exercises a political power in the election of the President nine times as great as a citizen of New York. An election by the people as a whole would thus clearly be more accurately an expression of popular will, but, at the same time, it would essentially change the principle of our political union. An amendment of the Constitution remitting the presidential election to a popular vote would for the first time give a distinct legal recognition of the people as one body. According to our present organization, there is no such thing known to the law as the people of the United States. In every particular it is several peoples, and not one people, who politically speak, who, it is true, may be and often are moved by a common purpose, yet who are always evident as so many separate groups and systems. The amendment proposed would make the people a unit, would give political and legal sanction to what was before only a geographical and social sentiment. It is true we find the Constitution asserting in the preamble that "we, the people," etc., but this opening sentence is contradicted by the last clause and by the historical facts in the case. The people as a body did not ordain or establish the Constitution, but the people of each State ratified it for that State, decided

* These fourteen States are Arkansas, California, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Kansas, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, Oregon, Rhode Island, Vermont, West Virginia, and Maine.

only so far as regarded its adoption for their own community. Had it been a general vote of the whole people, the majority would have ruled in the reluctant people in Rhode Island and North Carolina. Not in the adoption of the Constitution, not in the adoption of amendments, not in the election of the executive, not in the selection of senators, not in the choice of representatives, do we discover any such political body as the people of the United States; and hence the amendment proposed would be the first legal disregard of State lines, the first recognition of us as one people independent of State organization, the first public measure to render us a unit, and consolidate us into one political community. The importance of the step can be imagined, for who can doubt that it would not be followed by others which would promote centralization, subordinate State distinctions, and perhaps eventually extinguish the federal element in our organization altogether?

— Among the lively veterans whom the latest French revolution has brought uppermost, after years of enforced or voluntary exile, is General Changarnier. This distinguished man is now acting as chief of the Right Centre, or Orleanist section of the Assembly, and is not unlikely, should M. Thiers finally carry out his repeated threats of resignation, to be placed at the head of the government. The general is four or five years older than the president, having passed his eightieth anniversary, yet displays a vigor in action and a *verve* in speech not inferior to that of Thiers himself. Changarnier, after a successful career in the African campaign in the reign of Louis Philippe, suddenly became a prominent figure when the Revolution of 1848 superseded the Orleans régime. He was active in aiding to suppress the June insurrection, and, when Bonaparte became president, was made commandant of the military forces in Paris. But the sturdy independence of his character made Bonaparte doubtful of his coöperation when the *coup d'état* was planned, and the suggestion of his name as a candidate for the presidential succession added to this feeling of distrust; in consequence, Bonaparte removed him from his command. Changarnier, like Thiers, was one of those who were arrested on the morning of the *coup d'état*, imprisoned, and finally banished; and, like Thiers, he never forgave the indignity. He disappeared quite out of history until the Franco-Prussian War, wherein he received command of a division, and shared Bazaine's misfortunes at Metz. Elected a member of the Assembly, he has taken a very active part in its proceedings throughout, showing himself to be as able a debater as he was valiant on the field. He is a conservative of the Orleanist type, and has made himself especially conspicuous for his violent attacks upon Gambetta. General Changarnier has been compared, in personal appearance, to Major Pen-

dennis; he is the sleekest and most finical of antiquated dandies, attires himself in the latest fashions, always seems to have the instant before issued from the hands of his valet and his *coiffeur*, and has the jaunty, springy step of a fashionable man in the vigor of his prime. His brown wig is all too brown; this is the only article in which he displays a want of taste; but his gray eye is bright and stern, his mouth firmly set, and his whole expression one of belligerent determination. His party zeal is as notable as was his dash and spirit on Algerian plains forty years ago; more than once he has assailed M. Thiers with a courage and eloquence which has frightened none more than his own supporters. The secret of his influence, however, rests not so much upon his oratorical powers or his political shrewdness as upon his probity and incorruptibility. Few men in the Assembly are so completely trusted. His character is open, simple, and sensitively honorable. Were he to become president or dictator, no one doubts that he would regard with exclusive view what he thought to be the weal of France.

— The evils of the system of "fagging" in the English public schools have been brought into sudden bold relief by a case of evident cruelty which occurred at Winchester, where a poor boy was so mercilessly flogged that he was seriously if not permanently injured. Tom Hughes, in "Tom Brown at Rugby," deals gently with, if he does not wholly excuse, the system by which the older boys at Rugby, Eton, Harrow, and Winchester, exercise a sort of despotism over the persons of the smaller scholars; and M. Taine saw in this custom, which gives castigatory powers to the "sixth form" over the first, often put in practice on small provocation, but one more evidence of the ingrained brutality of the British nature, produced in long centuries by fogs and an inhospitable soil. Certain it is that the Winchester case has betrayed a state of things quite unsuspected, even by the British public; and its result has been a loud demand for a reform in the internal discipline of the public schools. It is emphatically stated that "brutal punishments of junior by senior boys have been common at Winchester, and that the authorities have connived at the practice." "Slogging" and "tunding," which is the scholastic slang for the favorite methods of punishment, have been executed by "prefects," or boys chosen as petty despots from the "sixth form," or upper class in the school; and dozens of Winchester and Eton graduates have not hesitated, in the face of the effects of the palpable outrages exposed at Winchester, to write to the press energetically defending the "ancient custom." The tyranny of the "prefects" was not confined to inflicting bodily penalties for resistance to humiliating commands, but pursued the frail victim with redoubled savageness if the luckless wight

availed himself of his privilege of complaining about his wrongs to the head-master. This crime once perpetrated, he became a wandering Cain in the school, ostracized and trodden upon on every hand. No doubt in the cases of most of the royal schools, the masters themselves are responsible for the encouragement, and consequently the evils of "fagging." Severity has been the rule in England in all kinds of government, whether in that of the church, the school, the army, the parish, or the farm. It is singular enough that, while English philanthropists are strenuously protesting against flogging garroters, and are holding up their hands in speechless horror at the proposition to flog the assailants and violators of women and children, it is found that such things as stripping little boys and applying the lash to their bare backs actually occur at this day in schools which are England's peculiar boast, and at the hands of doctors of divinity, whose very office as head-master gives them a national reputation. It is carrying the idea of making a boy "rough it," and thereby become lusty of limb and stout of heart, somewhat too far; and it is to be hoped that the present agitation may result in the abolition of a custom which is inevitably abused, and is one of those traditions which the stoutest Tory need not hesitate to wish extinct.

MINOR MATTERS.

— The JOURNAL, in obedience to an old custom established by some of our contemporaries, has hitherto been dated somewhat in advance of its day of publication. As we have been unable to discover any advantages arising from this practice—on the contrary, finding it to lead to inconveniences—we have determined upon dating the JOURNAL hereafter on the same week in which it appears. In order to accomplish this without duplication, we date this number for Wednesday, January 1st, and the following number for Saturday, January 4th, after which the dates will fall regularly on Saturday of the same week in which the number appears. Although we thus print two dates in one week, there will be but one number each week, the issue of the numbers being in no way changed or disturbed.

— A short time ago our newspapers published earnest protests against the wanton destruction of the buffalo, (or bison, as it is more properly called), and it was even suggested that Congress should take the matter in hand, and endeavor, by appropriate legislation, to preserve the remnants of the magnificent herds that once roamed almost unmolested over the plains west of the Mississippi. As is well known, in the West at least, thousands of these valuable animals are slain yearly in mere wantonness, either to gratify the vanity of sportsmen, or to furnish a tidbit for the meal of the habitual rover of the plains. It often happens that scores of fat cows are killed and left to rot on the ground or to feed the wolves, the only part

taken by the hunter being the tongue, and occasionally the hump. Thousands are shot, too, for their hides alone; indeed, so vast is the slaughter that, notwithstanding their countless numbers, they must soon become extinct unless measures be adopted to secure their preservation. It is sad to think that such an amount of food should be wasted yearly in the West, when there is an absolute need of it in the East; and it seems as if some means might be devised to utilize it, rather than to permit it to go to waste. The flesh of the bison, though rather coarse, is juicy, tender, sweet, and savory, and would make an agreeable change from the domestic beef of our markets. If the buffalo must be exterminated, let him by all means be sent to the kitchen; and the man who will devise some means of accomplishing this at a moderate cost will deserve well of his race.

But Secretary Delano takes a new and instructive view of the question of the prospective extirpation of the bison. With a heartless disregard of the rights of the noble sportsmen, who feel that they have lived in vain if they have not proved their valor by chasing buffalo-cows on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, he suggests that the sooner the game is disposed of the better for civilization. His argument is, that the Indians will continue more or less intractable while the hunting-grounds remain; but, as they become convinced that they can no longer rely upon the supply of game for their support, they will turn to the more equable source of subsistence furnished at the agencies, and endeavor to live so that the supply will be regularly dispensed. Stripped of its verbiage, this means simply that the only way to civilize the red man is to starve him into submission. However philanthropists may regard this suggestion, it is underlain by something more than a modicum of truth. With a few exceptional cases, such as the Cherokees and Creeks, the Indians have shown no disposition to abandon their vagrant habits; but, following the wild herds from which they have derived their subsistence for centuries, they have wandered westward year by year before the white man's advance, preferring to pick up a scanty, chance subsistence, rather than to stoop to manual labor. Thus bison and savage are travelling rapidly the road to extinction; and the child is born to whom both will be almost as much an object of curiosity in our country as the elephant is now.

Wealthy Americans, who aspire to the dignity of a pedigree, a gallery of ancestors, and a coat-of-arms, will be interested in the following, which we find in a volume published lately in London, entitled "The Hand-Book of Heraldry." "Already an attempt has been made in America to restrain, in some measure, the indiscriminate bearing of arms. The question has been raised in Congress, whether it would not be advisable to compel all those who use arms to register them in the United States court, and to pay an annual tax for the same, as in England. It is also proposed to inscribe, at the bottom of the shield, the date when such arms were first granted or assumed; any infraction of the law to be punished by a fine of five hundred dollars. Wholesome as this regulation

would be in restraining the too general use of arms, it falls short of what it should be; for, according to the proposed law, any one will be at liberty to adopt whatever arms he may please, provided he pay his ten or twenty dollars a year. No provision is made for new grants, or for examining the authenticity of alleged claims; it is simply a device to increase the revenue of the country. Nevertheless, it is calculated to be productive of much good, and is probably but the precursor of a legally-established College of Heraldry." The old saying, that one must go from home to learn the news, seems to be exemplified in this interesting, and, we must add, rather astonishing information. We can only wish that the writer had been a little more explicit, and told us in what branch of Congress and at what time this important subject was mooted. It would require a considerable stretch of the imagination to fancy our United States judges gravely discussing what particular green dragon or azure griffin Shoddy is entitled to paint on his carriage-panel; or whether, from an excess of family pride, he has not added a few centuries to the date on his ancestral shield.

It cannot be denied, however, that the proposed law, to which the London herald has so kindly called our attention, would greatly simplify the genealogical muddle by reducing it to a mere question of dollars and cents. The longest purse would then own the most resplendent coat-of-arms; and, as every thing should be in keeping, a pedigree, corresponding in length and grandeur, would undoubtedly be furnished for an additional compensation, with, perhaps, the portraits thrown in. When the happy time comes around that our own National Herald's College shall grant arms, with pedigrees attached, our Crescuses can stand up beside their British cousins with conscious pride; nay, they can look down on them—for has not Mr. James Philippe, of Bedford Row, London, abolished, at one fell swoop, English genealogies, arms and all? He says, with a most reprehensible bluntness, that "nearly the whole of the pedigrees hitherto published are fictitious;" that the genealogical manuscripts in the British Museum are "simply trash;" and, "as for the Herald's College having any right to grant coats-of-arms, it is so absurd that it is wonderful that any persons should be such addle-pated donkeys as to entertain any such humbug." The author of "The Hand-Book of Heraldry" will consider it very shocking, doubtless, that any true-born Briton should thus "go back on" his country's traditions; but he may console himself with the idea that, when our college goes into operation, under the wise superintendence of our United States courts, all whom Mr. Philippe has so inconsiderately stripped of their honors may come over here, and for a consideration refit themselves with pedigrees and arms.

We have had several revivals of old English comedy at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, with pretty much the success that those well acquainted with the old and the new styles of acting would naturally expect. The thin new wine of the old stage rarely serves in the old dramatic bottles. The

actors at Mr. Daly's theatre have, many of them, excellent qualities; but their reputation has been acquired in modern comedy. parts, and the company was organized mainly for the production of new plays. The vivacity, ease, lightness, natural touch-and-go method of our present actors is often quite captivating in the pleasant little comedies of the day; but, when the actors are transferred to the old comedy, where they must struggle with the crusty port-wine humor, with language richly freighted with meaning, with characters whose qualities are of body, breadth, mellowness, and some substance, they appear to great disadvantage, lose their own characteristics, and fall to present adequate pictures of the men and women they would fain represent. If a manager would give us the old comedy with suitable effect, he must select a company with this purpose specially in view—his men must retain something of the old splendid finish and mellow style; his women must be something better than vivacious delineators of fast girls of the period.

The present Charles Dickens is to visit us next spring. Wilkie Collins is to come also. Mr. Collins is to give readings from his own works—which does not add to the pleasure which the promised visit would otherwise excite. Mr. Dickens, we believe, is to do nothing—publicly, which makes us thankfully look for his coming. Charles Reade wants to come also, and he, of course, has lectures or readings in his mind's eye. Is there anybody in England that does not intend or does not want to visit us? Room for my lord! Room for his Grace! Room for Her Majesty!

People who live in glass houses should not throw stones. Notwithstanding the wisdom of this adage, and fully conscious of our own liability to error, we must ask our contemporaries of nearly every class why they persist in using the abbreviation "don't" for "doesn't?" Some of the most critical and careful journals habitually confound grammar and sense by this strange blunder. "He don't do it," say these grammarians, which, being interpreted, is, "He do not do it." Now, this is a phrase that neither wise men nor fools would use unless deceived by an abbreviation.

This season we have no Wallack's Theatre. The house stands where it did, and entertainments are given for those who care to attend, but a whole season of Lord Dundreary is dreariness indeed. We have no Wallacks, because the essential features that have made it so esteemed are not there. There are no new, graceful comedies. There are no reproductions of old favorite plays. Lester Wallack is shining in the Southern horizon; fine old John Gilbert keeps in retirement, and gives no more of his delicious personations; many of the other old favorites are scattered. The company has been cut down, and every thing given over to Dundreary. And Dundreary is not what he was. He has forgotten half his humor, half his amazing and yet delightful eccentricities. He talks too much in this "improved" version, and overlays the play too liberally with his nonsense—very delicious fooling in modera-

tion, but which provokes resentment, prolonged and overdone as it is. When Lester Wallack returns from his Southern tour, let him gather together a strong and suitable company, and give us a season that will redeem the declining reputation of his theatre.

— Suggestions of how fire-proof buildings may be erected fill all the journals, and yet the architects say a building absolutely fire-proof cannot be erected. Recent experiences make the public think so, too. When a fire is under great headway—a very volcano of flame—material of every kind succumbs to the tremendous heat. If we can't have fire-proof buildings, we can have better preventive measures. Our present fire organizations are for extinguishing fire after it has fairly started; they come only to the ground when summoned by the fact of a conflagration. We should have, in addition, a fire-police—a body of men furnished with axes, blankets, and rope-ladders, who should regularly patrol the city the same as the police do, watching for the first signs of a fire, and prepared, by prompt action, to extinguish the incipient blaze before it becomes a conflagration. Why should not the insurance companies organize such a police? They have an insurance patrol, whose duty is to preserve property from a fire; why not another organization to act as a preventive police, keeping hourly watch over our warehouses, possessed with means for speedy access to buildings, armed with not only physical appliances, but chemicals, for the extinguishment of a blaze? The losses prevented would obviously more than pay the expense.

— "Carl Benson," in reply to a paragraph in *Literary Notes*, in *JOURNAL* of 21st December, in regard to the resemblance between Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" and Michael Drayton's "Battle of Agincourt," writes as follows: "The versification of Drayton's ballad on Agincourt suggested to Longfellow his 'Skeleton in Armor.' But the Agincourt ballad which inspired Tennyson with the 'Light Brigade' was not Drayton's. It was another, much less known and anonymous, beginning somewhat after this fashion:

'Agincourt, Agincourt!
Who knows not Agincourt?
Where our men slew and hurt
All their French foemen.
With our pikes and bills brown
Were their men beaten down,
Slain by our bowmen.'

Here is another verse:

'Agincourt, Agincourt!
Who knows not Agincourt?
When that day is forgot
There will be no man.
We'll tell of it in story,
And long be the glory
To our British bowmen!'

The ballad may be found in the 'Percy Reprint.' There are eight or ten stanzas. 'Our bowmen,' or 'Our British bowmen,' is the refrain throughout, answering to the 'six hundred.' Let any one who doesn't know Michael Drayton read his 'Shepherd's Sirens.'

Literary Notes.

REGARDING Mr. Ellis's strangely-named poem, "The Two Ysoudes," we will venture the original remark that it is so good that it ought to have been better. The author's faults are want of attention to rhythm, and a too close following of Mr. Tennyson's model. A little more care, and a trifle more originality, would add greatly to what is nevertheless a charming piece of work. "The Lay of Death," neatly introduced in the narrative, should of itself redeem even a multitude of faults, as the reader may see:

"I breathe in the face of a maiden,
I kiss the soft mouth of a rose;
Yet not that I hate them, but love them,
My black wings are spread forth above them,
And round them my pinions enclose.
I love them so well that they die;
Yet my heart with their sorrow is laden,
And sad with their cry.

"Yea! cruel my fate is, and bitter,
That all things I love should decay;
Though my fingers fall soft as the blossom
I pluck, and would place in my bosom,
The petals drop sadly away;
Even gold in my hand becomes rust,
And no gems on my forehead will glitter,
But change into dust.

"Yet, O Love, thou art strong, I am stronger,
Though thou should'st strive, I prevail;
Thy footstep is fleet, mine is fleetest,
Thy kiss it is sweet, mine is sweeter,
I whisper the tenderer tale.
O Love, my dart pierces thy wing,
Though thy reign may be long, mine is longer;
Lo, I am thy king!"

There is yet another stanza we must give before leaving this poem:

"Then like a weary child, she sobbed to sleep
Upon her lover's breast; they who at last
In wonder would arouse her, turned to weep
When they perceived her slumber was so fast."

"The Two Ysoudes" is accompanied with a number of other shorter pieces in verse, all of which have some merit. The whole forms a small but exceedingly neat volume. (Pickering, London.)

A few years since the formation of comparative philology into a science furnished the historian with a useful instrument with which to carry research into times antedating the remotest annals and legends. And now the discoveries in material science, and even disputed theories, such as those of natural selection and evolution, are being used as a guiding compass to explore the dim fields of prehistoric ages, and to push the bounds of knowledge beyond the veil of the earliest records. Following this vein, Mr. Walter Bagehot treats, in "Physics and Politics," of the principles and elementary movements which lead to the original formation of communities and states. This volume is the second issue in the International Scientific Series now publishing in this country by D. Appleton & Co. "Physics and Politics" is written in a clear and vigorous style, and embodies the latest thoughts, deductions, and speculations on the subject of which it treats. The question why higher civilizations have so often succumbed before barbarism is scarcely explained by the general theory adopted by the author, and we must still hold to the view that might is not always the criterion of right, truth, and justice, against the new philosophy, even when backed by the voice of Mr. Carlyle. We must add that the book will command the interest of even those who do not agree with its

opinions. In the final chapter a noble argument is given for the largest liberty of discussion, and the work is concluded with this noteworthy sentiment: "If my views are found to be faulty, the discussion upon them may bring out others which are truer and better."

A certain critic, whose ideas of strength have perhaps been unduly exalted by a too close contact with some of Joaquin Miller's late productions, pronounces Miss Havergal's "Ministry of Song" (De Witt C. Lent & Co.) a collection of commonplace rhymes. We find, on the contrary, that these "rhymes" are quite noteworthy. They are simple, it is true, but their simplicity is of a peculiarly engaging kind, and they are often pervaded with exquisite feeling. Take, for example, these lines from the piece that gives name to the volume:

"Sing at the cottage bedside;
They have no music there,
And the voice of praise is silent
After the voice of prayer.
Sing of the gentle Saviour
In the simplest hymns you know,
And the pain-dimmed eye will brighten
As the soothing verses flow.
Better than loudest plaudits
The murmured thanks of such,
For the King will stoop to crown them
With his gracious 'Inasmuch.'

"Sing to the tired and anxious;
It is yours to fling a ray,
Passing indeed, but cheering,
Across the rugged way.
Sing to God's holy servants,
Weary with loving toil
Spent with their faithful labor
On oft-ungrateful soil.
The chalice of your music
All reverently bear,
For with the blessed angels
Such ministry you share."

We have seen few "information" books more complete and attractive than Mr. Hewitt's "Coffee: its History, Cultivation, and Uses." (D. Appleton & Co.) It gives us the story of the coffee-plant from the time of the earliest records; tells us of the manner in which it is cultivated, in various countries, and describes the different processes for making the "cup of coffee." The adulterations of the berry are also treated of, and the book is rendered still more complete by the addition of tables of statistics showing the imports of coffee for a long series of years, with the tariffs levied, etc., a very pretty chromo-lith of the coffee-plant, some elegant wood-engravings, and a well-executed map of the world, on which is shown the several places where coffee is grown, and the countries in which it is used. Mr. Hewitt writes with the ease born of a practical acquaintance with his subject.

It is of doubtful utility to venture an opinion on the merits of Forster's second volume of "The Life of Charles Dickens," just published by Lippincott & Co. The first volume has been before the public long enough for them to judge whether "Mr. Forster has written a book about himself and Charles Dickens," or if the critics who have hinted the thing did it out of innate depravity. We suspect the latter is the case, and, though one might wish the biography could be given in a more impersonal manner, yet it gains something perhaps from the greater warmth of personal narration. This volume brings the story of Mr. Dickens's life to 1852. It is replete with interesting facts and comments, and contains several portraits and other illustrations, and a fac-simile of a letter from the great novelist to Mr. George Cruikshank.

Mr. Abbott has made it his especial mission to popularize science for the young by romantic illustration. His last book in this vein is on "Force," in which the latest discoveries are pointed out and applied in the course of a story which consists of much lecture and but little conversation. In one of his statements we think Mr. Abbott is inadvertently incorrect. He says that a one-pound weight falling a distance of two feet exerts a force of two foot-pounds. We have nothing at hand to verify our impression, but, from school-day memory, think that the velocity and striking force of falling bodies increase not merely in direct multiple, but in a ratio according to the square of the distance. Although but a slight discrepancy, this is worthy of mention. If we are right, it may be corrected; if not, it may be well to give a fuller illustration hereafter. (Harper & Bros.)

We hear that Messrs. Lothrop & Co., Boston, have in press a volume of the Rev. Dr. Rankin's poems in Scotch dialect, including those which have from time to time appeared in different periodicals. These poems will be quite a novelty, and of considerable literary merit, judging from the following specimen, selected from those already published:

WIMPLIN' BURNIE.

"Wimplin' burnie, whither awa',
Through the wood, an' doon the fa',
Black w' shade, an' white w' faem,
Whither awa' sae fast frae hame?"

"Wood-birds on thy sparklin' blink,
Dip their bills, an' thanks' blink,
Mak' the forest-arches thrill
Wi' their warblin' sang an' thrill.

"Where thy stanes ae green w' moss,
Bareft bairnies wade across—
Thrustin' i' 'lik covert nook,
Writhin' worm on treach'rous hook.

"Clover-breathin' humane cows,
Stan' beneath the apple-boughs,
Lash their tails and chew their cud,
Knee-deep in thy coolin' food.

"Thou art gildin' smooth an' meek,
While crags lie upon thy cheek;
Through the simmer an' the glow,
'Neath the winter an' the snow.

"What's thy life, I dinna ken!
But, thou art to earth an' men,
That Gude gie's, the richest gift,
Frae His heav'n within the life."

The sheets of "The Old Landmarks of Boston" had just passed through the press when the great fire swept away much that it describes, and the work has now a double interest, since "here lies" must be written over many a spot where stood the "old landmarks" when their history was written. Its author, Mr. Samuel A. Drake, has evidently given much labor to the preparation of this compendium of Bostonian antiquities, and he has produced a really valuable and entertaining work. The illustrations are fairly done, and their subjects are in many instances both curious and interesting. (Osgood & Co.)

Miss Susan Coolidge makes a very readable book in telling "What Katy Did." (Roberts Brothers.) This pleasant story may be termed a *semi-juvenile*, for, though about children, and seemingly for children, it will be read with interest by boys and girls of twenty-five and upward. Miss Addie Ledyard adds greatly to its interest by some etchings which are worthy of all praise. Few book-illustrations of the season are more successful.

That indefatigable writer, Mrs. Southworth, has produced another story, "The Artist's

Love," which is perhaps an improvement over some of her former works. Its plot is grounded on the phenomena of modern spiritualism. With it are bound up a number of indifferent sketches by the author's sister, Mrs. Henshaw. (T. B. Peterson & Co.)

By the use of double-columned pages, and small but remarkably clear-faced type, Messrs. Osgood & Co. succeed in compressing all the works of Mr. Whittier into one handy volume—the Household Edition of these well-known poems. In a new issue, just laid on our table, we find the "Pennsylvania Pilgrim," and the minor pieces which accompany it, so the edition is now complete to the present time.

Mr. Constable, the Edinburgh publisher, has nearly ready a memoir of his father, Sir Archibald Constable, which will contain letters of many distinguished literary men with whom he had business relations. The memoir will have much additional interest from the fact that Sir Archibald was the friend and publisher of Sir Walter Scott.

Messrs. John E. Potter & Co., of Philadelphia, will shortly publish a complete Biblical Encyclopedia comprised in about two thousand quarto pages, and to contain nearly three thousand engravings. It will be mainly the work of the Rev. William Blackwood, D.D., LL.D.

A new book of travel is always welcome, and never more so than when in the style of such a sprightly author as Miss Alcott. In her last work, "Shawl-Straps" (Roberts Bros.), she sustains her reputation as one of the most vivacious and original of writers.

It is reported that President Thiers, notwithstanding his public cares, still makes opportunity to gratify his literary tastes, and has been, and still is, engaged in studies looking to the preparation of a work combating the doctrines of materialism.

The work of translating the Bible into Sanscrit—commenced, we believe, some twenty years ago—was recently finished by Rev. J. Wenger, a missionary at Calcutta, and the concluding parts have been published in that city.

Mr. Hart, of London, has undertaken to publish a somewhat singular book, an "Index Expurgatorius Anglicanus," or a descriptive catalogue of the principal works issued in England which have been suppressed or destroyed.

There are now published in the United States 6,432 periodicals, of which 507 are issued daily, 105 tri-weekly, 110 semi-weekly, 4,750 weekly, 24 bi-weekly, 91 semi-monthly, 635 monthly, 4 bi-monthly, and 55 quarterly.

Harper & Bros. reprint, in their library of select novels, "Dr. Wainwright's Patient," by Edmund Yates, which is well timed, since its distinguished author, Mr. Yates, is now so prominently before the public.

Messrs. Chatfield & Co. (New Haven) add to their "University Series," "The Earth a Great Magnet," a lecture delivered last February before the Yale Scientific Club.

Messrs. E. J. Hale & Son have just issued the sixth and concluding number of a "Cyclopedia of the Best Thoughts of Charles Dickens."

Osgood & Co. provide for the young folks by the issue of volume two of Our Young Yachtsman's Series—"Left on Labrador."

Fifteen thousand volumes have already been given to the Strasbourg Municipal Library, and several thousand more are reported in the hands of Parisian and Italian committees.

Official returns show five thousand six hundred and seventy-four book-sellers in France and her dependencies.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"A Russian Journey." By Edna Dean Procter. With Illustrations. 12mo, cloth. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

"Middlemarch: a Story of Provincial Life." By George Eliot. 12mo, cloth. Vol. II. New York: Harper & Bros.

"The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton. A Novel." By William Black. 8vo, paper. New York: Harper & Bros.

"Dombey and Son." Household Edition. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros.

Art Notes.

ALL interested in the æsthetic future of our city will rejoice in the acquisition by the Metropolitan Museum of Art of the entire collection of objects illustrative of ancient culture and religion made by General di Cesnola in the island of Cyprus. Our readers have kept pace, doubtless, with the explorations of this gentleman, notices of which have appeared from time to time in many English and American publications, and an elaborate account of which, profusely illustrated, was given during the past summer in *Harper's Magazine*. General di Cesnola, an Italian by birth, but an American citizen by naturalization, was appointed consul at Cyprus at the close of our late war, in which he had distinguished himself as colonel of the Fourth New York Cavalry. He had scarcely become settled at Larnica when his attention was attracted by various articles, of interest to the scholar and antiquary, in the possession of people of the town. He at once began his researches on a small scale in the neighborhood, and was so successful that he obtained a firman from the sultan authorizing him to make excavations, and began work in earnest. The field of operations was a comparatively new one. French archaeologists, in the first half of the present century, expended much time and money in a search for the celebrated Temple of Venus at Golgos, but they succeeded only in fixing the site of the town. General di Cesnola began his investigations at Larnica, on the south coast, his consular residence. He opened many tombs in the Greek necropolis, finding, in all of those that had been undisturbed, precious objects of ancient art; but his most interesting discovery was that the Hellenic cemetery of Larnica was built directly over a still more ancient place of sepulture, a fact of which the Greeks appear to have been ignorant. Further excavation proved it to be the necropolis of the Phœnician city of Citium (*Kition*), the Chittim of the Bible (Kittim in Genesis), which gave its ancient name to the whole island. In these long-buried, oven-shaped tombs, General di Cesnola found treasures illustrative of Phœnician history and civilization, unparalleled in number and value in the annals of archaeological research. At Dali, a town northwest of Larnica, in the interior of the island, he discovered the necropolis of the Greek city of Idalion, which was new to exploration, and consequently rich in objects of art. Here, too, as at Larnica, he found Phœnician tombs un-

der the Greek cemetery. In the course of three seasons more than eight thousand of these tombs were opened, bringing to light a great number of interesting and valuable specimens. In 1870 Di Cesnola turned his attention to Golgos, and was successful in finding, not only its ancient necropolis, but the remains of the famous and long-sought Temple of Venus. Within its walls, the course of which he traced satisfactorily, he found a thousand statues, all more or less mutilated, but many of them remarkable for beauty, and all interesting as illustrating the intimate connection between Grecian and Eastern art and religion. Some of these statues are older than any known to exist, not excepting even the Assyrian and Egyptian remains. The history of sculpture is illustrated almost in its entirety by this collection, in which are represented Egyptian, Phœnician, Assyrian, Greek, and Roman art. Its value, therefore, can scarcely be estimated. General di Cesnola continued his labors for several years, pushing his excavations with ardor, and meeting with most remarkable success. His collection now consists of nearly twenty thousand pieces, among which are more than a thousand statues and statuettes, five thousand vases, two thousand lamps, nearly as many pieces of glass-ware, and thousands of coins, gold and silver ornaments, and bronzes. The coins are Egyptian, Judean, Phœnician, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Lusitanian, and Venetian, some of them of gold, of great value, and others of silver, copper, and bronze. Of bronze and copper articles, there are battle-axes, swords, shields, javelins, arrow-boxes, arrow-heads, bracelets, anklets, hair-pins, knives, tweezers, mirrors, cups, and plates. Of articles in silver, there are spoons, daggers, bracelets, and rings; and, in gold, specimens of almost every kind of ornament for the person. But the collection of glass is the most wonderful, there being none equal to it in any of the museums of the world. The specimens are various in form and color, some plain, some elegantly ornamented, and represent almost every household utensil ordinarily made of glass, besides numerous other objects, such as seals, beads, necklaces, and buttons. In the Phœnician tombs were found thousands of vases and statuettes in terra-cotta, alabaster, and marble; but it would require a volume to describe properly even a tithe of the treasures in this unrivalled collection, which has attracted the attention of scholars all over Europe. Several of the royal museums have been negotiating to secure it, and it is interesting to note that, but for Sedan, it would now grace the Museum of the Louvre. The Emperor Napoleon made a liberal offer for it, but, when the acceptance reached Paris, the empire was no more. The British Museum also would have purchased it, but General di Cesnola refused to part with it, unless it were kept intact and designated by his name. The authorities, fortunately for us, refused to comply with these conditions, and the result is that our Metropolitan Museum is to be enriched with a collection unrivalled in the world. Every student of art, every scholar and cultivated person in the land, will rejoice at this acquisition, and congratulate himself that the metropolis of the New World has made so noble a beginning of a museum which, we hope, will soon be worthy of her wealth and culture.

At Goupil's gallery, in this city, a new picture by Bouguereau has recently been put on exhibition. It is a large painting of a young woman, a reaper in the fields, and has much of the character of the "Fisher-Girl," by the same artist, first exhibited at Goupil's, and

afterward at the National Academy. The "Fisher-Girl" was much more sketchy than the "Reaper," but the face and figure had a vivacity that the "Reaper" lacks. Bouguereau has three distinct styles of paintings, so far as he has exhibited them in this country—one of large sketches, apparently directly from models, where several effects are produced with little elaborate study. In these, the color, what there is of it, is fresh, the attitudes of the figures life-like, and the expressions of both face and form natural and vivacious. In the class of work, of which the "Fisher-Girl" is a good specimen, there is little of the study and thought given to rendering of flesh or delicacy of form which distinguished his lovely painting of the little boy in "Learning to Play," just sold in the Derby collection; or which particularly pleases in his "Twins," in Mr. Belmont's gallery. A third class of Bouguereau's work seem to be studio pictures, a good deal finished as distinguished from developed. In these the figures are showy, slightly drawn, so far as form is concerned, and in them the flesh, his great excellence in the "Twins," is next to nothing in real texture. The subjects of nearly all these works are romantic and somewhat poetical, and they are proper fancy pictures. It seems to us that the "Reaper" is of this last class. We can imagine the original study of it, if there was one, to have had the airy sprightliness of the "Fisher-Girl," but in the attempt at greater detail, with Nature far removed or somewhat forgotten, the painting appears to have lost freshness.

At the same gallery are three pictures by Boughton, painted to order for Goupil, or rather for Senedecor, last summer, and exhibited at the exhibition of the Royal Academy in London. They form a set, and are called "Idyl of the Birds." Two of them are large "uprights," about four feet high, and the central one in subject is six feet wide, though of the same height as the other two.

We have seen and liked a great many of Boughton's works before, and these are among his best. The first of them represents the coming of birds and of summer. A charmingly-drawn figure of a young girl—

"In the happy morning of life and of May—"

stands among the early flowers, watching the building of a nest

"Mid the blossoms white and red."

The girl's figure is full of beautiful drawing, and the color, tender and fresh—perhaps a trifle green—corresponds well with the sentiment of the painting.

The next one, of "Autumn," is of two rather small but beautiful female forms, on a lonely moor, with a cold, dark sea beyond it, while a troop of swallows are caught in gusts of wind and swept like eddies of leaves against a pale, cloudy sky. The scene is very dreary, and Boughton has sufficient knowledge of his materials to enable him to develop the full sentiment of the "Fall" without losing in the least his truth to Nature.

The last picture of the series is again a woman, clothed in rich and sombre garments, deep browns and purples, and behind her are gray, leafless woods—

"Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang."

The time is at twilight, and, dead on the snow, which covers the ground, the last little bird of summer is lying.

Sentimental or allegorical pictures are rarely well carried out, and on that account are generally distrusted. But Boughton has a great knowledge of his materials—color is a

strong point of his. He knows the capacities of the human frame remarkably well, both in movement and line, and is apparently very sensitive to warmth and cold, as expressed by paint-writing; he adds the realism that comes from study in the French school to the imagination of a poet, and in this his works seem to reach the true end to which artists ought to aspire, but which so few attain.

A story comes from Boston of the discovery of a picture by an old master, under circumstances which are proclaimed to be romantic, but which greatly resemble many a reported discovery of other antiques. The painting is a portrait of Bartolomeo Passarotti, painted by himself, in 1571, and this is the story of the discovery: "A gentleman, a few weeks since, stepped into an auction-store on Tremont Street to buy some chairs for his office, when a dusty, dingy, and begrimed portrait was put up. Something about it striking his fancy, he bid it off at one dollar and eighty-seven cents. That night he took it to a friend, an ardent lover of the fine arts, who, seeing it to be a fine head, gave in exchange for it a valuable steel-engraving by Ferri. The painting was in a very bad condition, and so begrimed as to be almost undistinguishable, probably having been knocking around in garrets and lumber-closets for years." Being sent to a restorer, the picture came out clearly, with an inscription on the back, which at once established its character. The inscription, translated, runs as follows: "Bartolomeo Passarotti painted with his hand his likeness, at the age of 51 years, in Bologna. Presented by him to Mr. Giovanni Battista Deti on the ninth day of the year 1571." The face is that of a man in the prime of life, and at first glance bears a striking resemblance to the portraits of Shakespeare. The forehead is high and the hair dark. The eyes have a sidelong glance, as of one who sees himself in a glass; the broad and stiffly-starched collar, like those so familiar in the works of Vandeyck. The background is dark and rich, and a light grayish-brown border, something like a halo, surrounds the head. This is characteristic in the works of some of the old masters, and is used to give the proper balance between the light of the face and the dark background.

Scientific Notes.

THE December number of *Silliman's Journal* publishes a communication from Professor John C. Draper, on "The Heat produced in the Body, and the Effects of Exposure to Cold," which, in addition to an interesting account of recent experiments, contains, in a tabulated form, information of great practical as well as professional value. The description of these experiments will best illustrate their purpose. Seven and a half cubic feet of cool water were drawn into a bath, and the temperature taken after a careful mixing; the bath was then covered over for about four-fifths of its extent to prevent the action of currents of air, and, thus arranged, it was determined that the temperature rose but one-half a degree in one hour. During the time occupied in determining this normal error, which was deducted from the results afterward obtained, the experimenter lay on a sofa, to bring the respiratory functions into a condition similar, as regards position of the body, to that to which they would be submitted while in the bath. At the end of this resting-spell, the professor stepped into the bath and lay down, allowing only his head to be exposed. At the close of

an hour, the temperature of the water was again taken, while, at given intervals throughout the whole of each experiment, the temperature of the air, the dew-point, the temperature of the bath, the armpit, mouth, and temple, were taken, together with the rate of respiration, and of the pulse. The first important fact established by these observations was, that the heat given out by the body during the hour that it was immersed was sufficient to raise the temperature of seven and one-half cubic feet 2° Fahr., that is, from 74° to 76°. If, as the writer states, the volume of the body be taken at three cubic feet, it follows that, if the specific heat of the body be reckoned as about that of water, enough heat is evolved in one hour to warm the body itself about five degrees. Hence, if the converse be considered as true, the body immediately after death loses, for the first hour, five degrees—a fact which is regarded as of considerable importance, in a medico-legal point of view, especially in estimating the time a body has been immersed in water after recent drowning. In the course of these experiments it was also determined that, when the rate of pulse-beat, on entering a bath having a mean temperature of 74° Fahr., was seventy-eight per minute, an hour's immersion caused a decrease to sixty-four degrees, which, on sudden exposure of the body to the air, was reduced to fifty-five; nor was the normal heat restored till several hours after leaving the bath. The conclusion drawn by Professor Draper, from a careful comparison of these several results, is, that the effects of the long-continued application of a degree of cold, such as that employed, was to reduce the temperature of the body and the rate of respiration, while it affects the rate of pulsation in a very profound manner, since, the rate of pulsation being reduced nearly one-third, the quantity of oxygen conveyed into the interior of the body was diminished in a somewhat similar ratio. In a short time this decrease in the supply of oxygen became apparent by its effect on the nervous centres, and there was an overwhelming disposition to sleep, which was unconsciously indulged in shortly after leaving the bath. Another evident consequence of such a sluggish movement of the blood is the disposition to congestion of various internal organs, and herein we may see a partial explanation of the action of cold in causing inflammations, especially if these organs are engaged in the processes of secretion and excretion.

At the last meeting of the California Academy of Sciences, W. H. Dall, of the United States Coast Survey, read an interesting paper on his recent discovery of prehistoric remains in Alaska. Among these relics, mention is made of seven skeletons, which were found arranged around the edge of a small cave located under an isolated rock, on Omaknok Island. Contrary to the record of similar caves in Europe, no remains of animals were found. Near one of the skeletons there were heaped together a number of stone knives, a bone awl, and two fragments, one of pumice, and the other of fine sandstone, with their edges and surfaces smoothed and squared, evidently for the purpose of dressing down the asperities of skins to be used for clothing. The most interesting collections are reported to have been found near the skeleton of a woman, which was stationed farthest from the entrance to the cave: these consisted of two bone tabrets, shaped like those now in use among the Thlinkets and Botocondas; a lot of needles, made of the wing-bones of birds; a needle-case, made of the humerus of some large bird, closed at each end

by a wooden stopper; bone awls, stone knives, a whetstone of fine-grained sand, and a little case of birch-bark containing plumbago. The only anatomical peculiarity of the bones, which agreed in all essential respects with Esquimaux remains of similar character, was the great stoutness of the long bones, and a remarkable thickening of the inner face of the under jaw, which was so extensive in a majority of cases as to nearly close the space between the halves of the jaw, the bone being over an inch in diameter. So far as the memory of the present inhabitants goes, these are the remains of a prehistoric race, though, from the perishable nature of many of the implements found, it is evident that the title does not apply in its present interpretation.

A writer in *Chambers's Journal*, referring to the peculiar and offensive odor given forth from the body of the rattlesnake when the reptile is enraged, recalls a remarkable instance of escape, which may be credited to a knowledge of this fact, coupled, however, with presence of mind, which fully atones for the rashness of the act which called it into exercise. Dr. Hamilton Roe, having opened a box directed to the superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, London, put his hand under the layer of dry moss which appeared, to see what was there. He touched something alive, and the smell told him it was a rattlesnake. Had he withdrawn his hand rapidly, he would have been bitten to a certainty, since the odor is only apparent when the animal is enraged. Knowing this, he had the presence of mind to stroke the reptile, which allowed him to take his hand gently away. So powerful and permanent is this odor that, when a snake is irritated, and made to bite the rake or hoe with which it is intended to kill him, the implement often retains the odor for months.

The value of self-registering meteorological instruments is strikingly illustrated by the following incident in the history of the South Polar Expedition: In 1829, Captain Henry Foster was sent out by the British Government to make observations on the physical geography of those regions. Before leaving his quarters at Pendulum Bay, on the island of Deception, he fixed in an exposed position a self-registering maximum and minimum thermometer. In 1842, after an interval of thirteen years, Captain Smiley, landing at this point, found the minimum thermometer in good condition, the index showing that the lowest temperature during that long interval had been four degrees below zero; unfortunately, the maximum thermometer had got out of order, and could not be read.

Home and Foreign Notes.

SIR H. C. RAWLINSON, in his inaugural address before the Royal Geographical Society, referred to two contemplated African expeditions. One, got up by Livingstone's friends, and called the "Livingstone Congo Expedition," is to ascend the Congo from above the rapids, and endeavor to penetrate to the equatorial lake where Livingstone's rivers are lost, and in the vicinity of which it is expected the great traveller will be found at the close of next year. The expense of this expedition, to the amount of fifteen hundred to two thousand pounds, will be defrayed by Mr. J. Young, an intimate personal friend of Dr. Livingstone's. A rival German expedition has also been officially announced to be in course of preparation, the numerous geographical societies of that country having pronounced in favor of it, and urged upon their government immediate action. In addition to these, word is received that the Egyptian Government is

in the field with an expedition, which is to explore the same region, under the command of Purdy Bey, as our worthy and gallant citizen, Colonel Purdy, is now called by his highness the khédive.

In a new physiological and polemical work, entitled "The Martyrdom of Man," a curious jumble, in which the *Full-Mill Gazette* seems to find not a few grains of wheat amid the superabundance of chaff, the author holds forth concerning three inventions, which he thinks may be near at hand, and which will bring about the millennium, so far as man's temporal necessities are concerned. The first is a motive power to take the place of steam, fuel to be dispensed with; the second, aerial navigation, which will extinguish natural boundaries, oceans, rivers, mountains, etc., and unite all the various nations of the earth into one; the third is chemical food, flesh, and flour, to be manufactured from the elements in the laboratory. He predicts that food will thus be produced in unlimited quantities and at trifling expense, and that the partakers of it will look back upon us who devour oxen and sheep as we now look upon cannibals.

The Patent-Office is more than self-supporting, the fees received during the past year exceeding the expenditure by seventy-seven thousand four hundred dollars. Over two hundred thousand applications for patents have been filed since 1836, of which one hundred and thirty-three thousand have been granted. There is now great need of more room for the work of the office, and for arranging the files and drawings; for, without strict classification, there is danger of duplicating patents upon the same invention. During the past year, by authority of Congress, the *Patent-Office Official Gazette* was substituted for the old forms of reports which were frequently not issued until two or three years after the date of the issue of the patents reported in them. The *Gazette*, containing the fullest accounts of the transactions of the office, is in every way much more satisfactory to patentees.

Mr. James Cordy Jeaffreson, in his newly-published book on "Brides and Bridals," has much to say of the good old times when public sentiment and the law authorized the infliction of corporal punishment on wives by their legitimate owners, and he seems to pity the modern women who are deprived of such delicate attentions from their husbands, observing that many a woman is far more hurt by a husband's humiliating and stinging remarks than she would be by a well-considered chastisement with a plant cane. Ladies will doubtless appreciate his sympathetic remarks.

It is firmly believed in Munich that the King of Bavaria is not only eccentric, but really insane. Some of his recent whims strongly savor of it. The king is singularly averse to travelling, and, wishing to obtain a good idea of an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, he caused it to be artificially represented, by members of the Royal Engineer Corps, on the highest crest near his summer palace of Hohenchwangau. The experiment caused the utmost consternation among the people of the surrounding country; and it cost the king nearly twenty thousand dollars.

The salt-mines of Poland are said to be the most beautiful and extensive in the world. Visitors walk over four miles in the long, open galleries, and there are many that have not been entered for years. These galleries undermine a whole town, and are places of popular amusement, where bands play, balls are given, and refreshments of all kinds may be had at the buffet. A splendid chapel is fitted up in one mine, where mass is celebrated once a year. The ceiling, walls, altar, etc., are all cut out of the solid, glittering, greenish salt.

There are over three hundred thousand graves of soldiers in the late war in the national cemeteries, nearly one-half of which are marked "Unknown." At Salisbury, North Carolina, where the dead were buried in trenches, in some cases three and four deep, there are some twelve thousand graves, mostly "unknown." It has been suggested that, instead of placing headstones at each of these graves, a handsome monument be erected in

each cemetery, to cost from twelve to fifteen thousand dollars.

The King of Saxony, it is said, is engaged in preparing for publication a polyglot collection of poetry from the masterpieces of all nations. The book is to be issued in the most sumptuous style, and will not be sold by the trade. It will be given as a present to the royal relatives and friends of the king on the occasion of the impending abdication of the latter.

The dishonest footman of the Grand-duke Alexis, who ran away from St. Petersburg with some of the American trunks of the prince, and had sold some of his private correspondence to a Brussels publisher, has been sent back in irons to Russia. The imperial family also secured the letters from the publisher, and the announced private correspondence will not appear at all.

We find it stated that, in the French army during the late campaign, twenty-three thousand four hundred and sixty-nine deaths occurred from small-pox, and that in the German army there were only two hundred and thirty-three deaths. With the German revaccination was compulsory, while in the French army it was not. If these figures be correct, they should settle the question of revaccination definitely and finally.

Berlin, it is said, intends to improve upon the English postal-card system by letting the postman wait for an answer. Then must the postman be possessed of marvellous patience; and, unless an expert penman, in order to offer his services to tardy and uncertain writers, his delays, we should judge, would rather derange his deliveries.

There is a story told about M. Thiers having said to a friend, "Ah! you wish to impose on me my maxim." The king reigns, but does not rule," but you are bad scholars, and do not understand; that was all very well under a monarchy, but would never do for a republic."

King Victor Emmanuel cares by far more for his illegitimate children than for his sons by the late queen. All the important offices at the royal court in Rome have been filled with relatives of Rosina Vercellaria, whom the king created Countess Mirafiori, and who is now hismorganatic wife.

Prince Napoleon has a number of books ready for the press, especially one on the life and character of Maximilian Robespierre; but, at the request of the ex-Emperor Napoleon, the prince has consented to withhold them for the present from publication.

The English, who are in apprehension about the threatened exhaustion of their coal-supply, should not borrow trouble. As coal is merely concentrated sunshine, let them set their inventive genius to work for "a trap to catch the sunbeams."

The Emperor of Austria is a collector of skulls of remarkable criminals. He has now over four hundred, which have been gathered at a very heavy expense. This is believed to be one of the most curious collections in the world.

The *Herald* points out the following for the study of philosophers: In some cities it is made a misdemeanor to sell liquor to anybody; in Washington it is a misdemeanor to refuse to sell it to negroes.

Professor Rudolph Virchow, the eminent German physiologist, is a radical democrat in politics, and the only representative of that party in the Prussian Parliament of whom Bismarck said he was afraid.

How popular Gerstäcker's books were in Germany may be judged from the fact that upward of half a million volumes of them were sold in the last twenty-five years, notwithstanding the high price of most of the books.

There are in the German lunatic asylums forty-one persons who believe they are the Emperor William, and nearly twice as many who think they are Bismarck.

A copy of a proof of an article in the *Paris Globe* of 1830, corrected in lead-pencil by Adolphe Thiers, was recently sold in that city for sixty-five francs.

The wife of Proudhon, the celebrated French philosopher, is not supporting herself, as has been recently stated, as a washer-woman; but she keeps a small fancy-goods store in Lyons.

The press in Germany and France is ungallant enough to express the utmost satisfaction at the proceedings taken against Woodhull & Claflin.

Among the crazy projects of the King of Bavaria is one to build a pyramid of gigantic dimensions on a plateau in the highlands of the Tyrol.

Baron Schwarz-Senborn, the president of the Universal Exhibition to be opened in Vienna next year, was, in his youth, an apprentice in a silk-dyeing establishment.

Justus von Liebig, the celebrated German chemist, has made, during his long and useful scientific career, nearly four thousand important chemical analyses.

Sagasta, the former Prime-Minister of Spain, they say in Madrid, amassed, during the few months he was in office, a fortune of at least half a million dollars.

Rochefort, during his long imprisonment, has become so emaciated that even his most intimate friends are hardly able to recognize him.

There is reason to believe that the sudden emigration from Southern Italy to the United States is secretly encouraged by the government of King Victor Emmanuel.

The sale of Erckmann-Chatrian's novels has largely decreased since the war, and their old publishers are reluctant to issue their books in as rapid a succession as heretofore.

The richest university in the world, comparatively, is that of Leyden, in Holland. Its real estate alone is worth over four million dollars.

A grand-niece of King Bernadotte of Sweden keeps a small bookstore at Limoges, in France.

Rosa Bonheur's picture of a Bengal tiger, her first experiment in that direction, is pronounced a failure by the French art-critics.

Björnson, the celebrated Norwegian novelist, has recently embraced the Methodist faith.

Count von Beust has gone into bankruptcy owing to unfortunate stock-speculations during the past six months.

All the monarchs of Europe have promised to be in Vienna on the 15th of July, 1873.

According to Behm and Wagner, the earth has at present 1,377,000,000 inhabitants.

In Russia, from ninety to one hundred persons are annually knouted to death.

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

DECEMBER 8.—England is visited by a terrific gale. Three pinnacles of the tower of St. Thomas's Church, in Exeter, are blown down. The chapel of Oriel College, Oxford, is badly damaged. The freight-depot of the Great Western Railway is demolished. Pedestrians are dashed to the ground; towns are flooded, vessels driven ashore, and much damage to property of every kind.

The siege of Bejar is raised, and all signs of dissension disappear.

The floods in Italy spread.

A body of Carlists enter the town of Manresa, in the province of Barcelona, Spain, but are met by the troops stationed there, and repulsed after a sharp fight.

The Prussian Herrenhaus passes the important Counties' Reform Bill.

The *Evening Express* office, on Park Row, New York, is burned.

The steamer Thomas H. Allen strikes a snag off Duval's Bluff, on the Mississippi, and is lost.

DECEMBER 9.—The steamer St. Louis, Capt. Whitehead, which left New Orleans for New York on the 7th inst., sprung a leak at twenty minutes past eight o'clock on the evening of the 8th inst., when about one hundred and seventy miles distant from the Southwest Bar, and sinks this morning at half-past five.

The President decides in favor of the Republicans in Louisiana.

Dr. Lucius B. Irish, the well-known physician and druggist of Brooklyn, is placed on trial in the King's County Court of Oyer and Terminer on the charge of having, in April last, poisoned to death Assessor Edward O. Anderson.

President Thiers forms a new ministry from the Left and Right Centre of the National Assembly at Versailles.

The Speaker of the House of Representatives in Washington appoints a special committee on the Centennial Celebration.

DECEMBER 10.—Frightful disasters are reported on the American lakes.

Partial destruction of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York, by fire. Eleven servant-girls are suffocated by the smoke, and burned.

Intelligence of the loss of the Pacific Mail Company's steamship Sacramento is received. She struck a reef off San Antonio, Lower California. Passengers saved.

Robert Bleakley murders his niece, Mary Ann Foley, alias Maud Merrill, at No. 10 Neilson Place, New York.

Paris is visited by a terrific gale.

DECEMBER 11.—Petitions for dissolution of the National Assembly are circulating throughout Paris.

DECEMBER 12.—Edwin Forrest, the distinguished tragedian, dies suddenly in Philadelphia of apoplexy, aged sixty-six.

Intelligence is received that the ship Franklin, which sailed from Hamburg for San Francisco with a large number of emigrants on board, stranded on the coast of Vlieland, an island of the Netherlands in the North Sea, and went to pieces. Eighty persons are reported to have perished.

Wild rumors of insurrection in Madrid are prevalent.

Many miners drowned in the river Sambre, Germany, by the sudden flooding of a coalmine.

Ship Gustave, of Nantes, France, reported lost, with all on board.

The loss of the steamer Scandinavia, with all on board, which left New York for Queens-town, October 8th, is confirmed.

DECEMBER 13.—The troubles between Brazil and the Argentine Republic are settled.

Heavy marine disasters are reported on the English coast.

The steamer St. Louis is lost in the Gulf of Mexico.

The Viscountess Beaconsfield, the wife of the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, is reported dying.

DECEMBER 13.—Count Kisseleff, one of the most distinguished Russian diplomatists, dies in Paris.

Julia Smith is murdered in New-York City by John Harrington.

Rumors prevail in Berlin that Prince Bismarck is about to resign.

DECEMBER 14.—John Frederick Kensett, the distinguished landscape-painter, dies suddenly of heart-disease.

Reports of further floods in the northeastern part of France are received.

Contemporary Portraits.

Baron Schwarz-Senborn, President-Elect of the Vienna Universal Exhibition.

BARON SCHWARZ-SENBORN, to whom has been intrusted the important task of presiding over the great Industrial Exhibition which will be held in Vienna next year, was born in Vienna, in 1816. His mother was a Frenchwoman—a daughter of Jacquemar, the

celebrated silk-dyer of Lyons. He studied chemistry in Vienna, and, in 1840, was appointed secretary of the Industrial Association of Lower Austria, in which position he remained till the Revolution of 1848, when he joined the democratic party, and was appointed under-secretary in the Ministry of Commerce and Agriculture. So eminent were his talents, that he was retained in that position even after the reaction of 1849 had set in. During the next few years he was employed in reorganising the consular service of Austria in England and France, and, in 1855, was commissioner of Austria to the Paris Exhibition of that year. In 1858 we find him intrusted with an important mission to the Bey of Tunis, whom he induced to pay his debts to Austrian subjects. In 1861 he organized the participation of Austrian exhibitors in the London Exhibition of 1862, and had performed his task so well that the Austrian department on that occasion was among the best in the exhibition, and he thus contributed materially toward extending the fame and the business of the manufacturers of his country. The latter were so grateful to him that, besides other marks of distinction which they conferred upon him, they collected a "Schwarz Fund," the interest of which was used in sending tal-

ented young Austrians to France, England, and America, in order to familiarise themselves with the manufactures of those countries. To this "Schwarz Fund," since then, large additions have been made, and, at the present time, no fewer than one hundred young industrial students annually receive from it the means to visit the above-mentioned countries. The Austrian Government also honored

Schwarz by conferring on him the title of Baron of the Empire and Aulic Councillor. In 1864 the manufacturers of Austria intended to hold a universal exhibition in Vienna, but Baron Schwarz opposed the project, on the ground that Vienna did not yet possess the indispensable requirements of so vast an enterprise. But, from that time forward, he devoted himself almost exclusively to paving the way

for the realization of the great scheme; and it is principally due to his energy, tact, and sagacity, that the Universal Exhibition, which will be opened next year in Vienna, will undoubtedly not only be the most comprehensive, successful, and best organized that has ever taken place, but will also, for the first time, lay before the eyes of the Western world a very complete collection of the treasures of Oriental industry, and open to Western industry markets that have hitherto almost been closed to it. Baron von Schwarz-Senborn is personally a most amiable and affable gentleman. He speaks English fluently, and is an ardent admirer of American industry, ingenuity, and perseverance. He has written a number of pamphlets, in which he pays the highest tribute to the skill of American inventors, and the latter will find a friend and protector in him during the Vienna Exhibition.



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